THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXII.—No. 1581.
APRIL 3, 1934

The BYSTANDER

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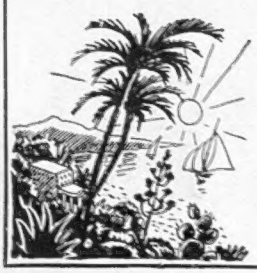

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The Bystander, April 3, 1934

The BYSTANDER

No. 1581. Vol. CXXII

ANNA MAY WONG

A new portrait of the Chinese film-star, who has been over in England for some time now, and has done music-hall and cabaret work with moderate success; her talents are not of the kind that are best discovered to an audience by vaudeville footlights or the spot-light of a restaurant. When she sang her own delicate, melancholy little songs she was charming, but American hot numbers don't suit her voice or personality. Now Anna May Wong is doing screen work again, and has what should be an ideal part as Zaharat in the film version that has been made in the Gainsborough studios, directed by Walter Forde, of "Chu Chin Chow"

"Oh, look, Adam, there's Public Enemy No. 1 again"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

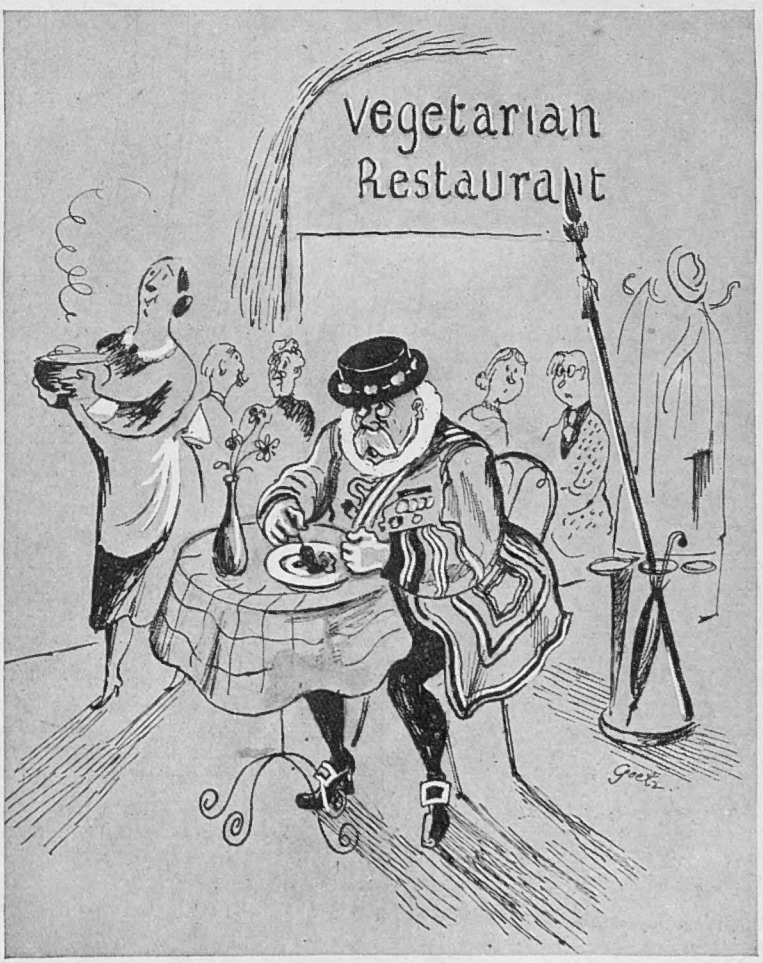
By "The Bystanders"

This Holiday Ramp

THIS business of working like maniacs to produce three of these adorable journals in one week is extraordinarily unfair. We, the unfortunate Standers-By whose dejected pictures you see at the top of this page, are most terribly handicapped in comparison with most of our colleagues. There is no news for us to comment on ; the French Government has not fallen for days ; the Prime Minister has not repeated his 1933 speech, nor yet produced his 1934 model (with four forward years and four reverse, all mutually cancelling) ; Sir John Simon has not resigned in order to be promoted to the Chief Inspectorate of Halibut-fisheries ; Miss Betty Nuthall seems to have vanished altogether ; every film-star in the world seems to be wallowing in a very unfair state of connubial bliss ; Mr. Jardine is somewhere in a jungle, and Mrs. Mollison is in Florida ; and even our pet fox-hunt has let us down by killing a fox which it found asleep in a children's playground. But just look at our colleagues. "Mark Over" has the Boat Race to play with, the Rackets Championship, the English Football Cup, the 'Varsity Sports, the Lincolnshire, and many another merry little outing. Mr. Howard Marshall has the Calcutta Cup, Mr. Fairlie the British Walker Cup Team. And we have not even got a calculated indiscretion of Mr. J. H. Thomas to spin out into a paragraph or two. Dash it ! There goes the hooter. Where 's our pen and our writing-pad. Coming, Sir, coming. We punch the clock, and another delicious week begins.

A Real White Man

THE only man in all the world who has really played up in our desperate crisis is dear old Sammy Insull. What a decent chap ! What a pukka sahib ! (Boy, ask the Collector-sahib if he will split a cummerbund with us.) On our desk as we write lies a sheaf of telegrams from our agents all over the world, keeping us in touch with the situation. Here is one from Bangkok. "Insull arrived this morning disguised as correspondent of *South Dakota Literary Digest.* Leaves to-morrow for up-country." Another, from Hammersmith, says "Insull reported on Broadway to-day dressed as an actor." A third, from the Monastery of Mount Athos, runs "Will exchange Insull for Codex." There are two cables from Africa which are slightly confusing, and we have wired for confirmation. One is, "Insull arrives at Burnoos disguised in fez," while the other says, "Insull arrived at Fez disguised in burnoose." However, you can trust us to keep you informed of the latest situation, and you may be quite certain that if, by the time you read this, Mr. Insull has been tapped on the shoulder and invited to accompany an officer, it will have been entirely because of our far-flung net of agents. If, on the other hand, by the time you read this, Mr. Insull has still succeeded in evading discovery, it will have been entirely in spite of our far-flung net of agents



Good-Godsters in Nazi-land

THE Bavarian Ministry of Economics, for some very intricate reason, is responsible for seeing that gents' dress-suitings are not illegally designed and coloured, and it has issued a statement that "men's brown-coloured evening-dress and frock-coats do not conflict with the law." So now, my hearties, you can pack your brown frock-coat for your trip to Bavaria with an easy mind. You can wear, presumably, brown button-boots with your evening-dress, and brown suède shoes with your bathing-costume. And, above all, you may sport that most admirable of tiles, the brown bowler-hat. At the ancient College of St. Mary, at Winchester, a brown bowler is called, most expressively, a Good-Godster, and we have no doubt that many Old Wykhamists

will be digging out their old, long-cherished good-godsters for an impending visit to Bavaria in a brown frock-coat. Poor Jeeves! What would that immortal have said?

Disarmament, Hot News On

WE have spent some little time in trying to tempt Mr. Vernon Bartlett to join our happy little syndicate and do our foreign news for us. We offered him large sums of bullion, a bottle of grenadine per week, a life-subscription to *La Vie Parisienne*, and a free week-end at Torbay, but he refused to rise to the bait. So we have to do our foreign news ourselves. Well, the Disarmament position, roughly speaking, is this: if Jugo-Slavia will agree to a ratio of heavy guns with Roumania and Japan of One, One, Two-hundred-and-Thirty-eight, pari passu, then Britain and Lithuania will both accept a ten per cent. cut in the output of bridles for pack-mules, pari mutuel, and France will consent to cancel the debts owing by her to everybody. If, on the other hand, Germany insists on building up to her full quota of paddles for paddle-steamers, it is difficult to see what else Italy can do but push on vigorously with her newly-projected school of yodelling for her Corps of Alpinistic Guides. But in that case, you say, what happens to the Yildiz Kiosk? Exactly. You've put your finger precisely on the rub. What does happen to the Yildiz Kiosk? For ourselves, we can see no other course for the Angora Government but to prohibit the export of rabbits, raise the fares on the Bagdad Railway, and proclaim either a Wu-Pee (or Holy War) against Greece, or an Esh-el-Meks (or Oily War) against the Anglo-Persian in Mosul. Anyway, our advice is, Watch Santiago-de-Chile.

"You ought to see the dentist about that tooth, precious"

"She says, 'All news when we meet'"

Horticulture Notes

THIS is the time to thin out Phylloxera Floribunda Jugginsii. All kinds of Deliria Trementia should be carefully watched and sprayed, to remove beige lizards, striped mice, chequered musk-rats, and other common or garden pests. On the Riviera, louis d'or should be staked, either on red or black backgrounds, or in clusters of odd or even numbers, as the fancy takes each individual. Grafting, of course, is seasonable, as, indeed, it always is. Very soon you will see the young sprigs of Jeunesse Dorée detestabilis coming out, and we are informed that this is going to be, in Mayfair, at any rate, an exceptional season for climbers; the birds, as usual, will get most of the fruit, and everything points to a fine crop of pansies, as in previous years.

Among the new and attractive annuals introduced last year we look forward to seeing again Deliciæ dorchesterianæ, and we have every hope that Genius bergueri may be induced to become a perennial in this country. Walnut-trees and all specimens of femina variabilis (in Italian, Donna mobile) should be beaten regularly.

Smug Stuff at St. Stephens

REALLY, something ought to be done about the Parliament boys. Lately a party of them were due to assemble to discuss the

fairly reasonable Bill which wants to make it possible to drink at the same hours on both sides of Oxford Street, and thus prevent Europe laughing at us quite so heartily as it does at present. Those in favour of the Bill rolled up. But the opponents knew a trick worth two of that. They hung about in the corridor, like urchins at a board-school, and no quorum could be obtained and the meeting had to be adjourned for a week. And, mind you, we pay them for being M.P.s. They are salaried creatures, and this sort of childish antic is what we get in return. And are they ashamed? Not a bit. They have scored a notable Parliamentary point and are as smug as smug.

An Old Soldier

SERGEANT JAMES ALLEN, late of the 43rd Light Infantry, oldest inmate of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, has at last "faded away." He was ninety-five years of age, and had worn the uniform of her and his Majesties for seventy-six years. Think of it. Enlisted in the year after the Great Mutiny. Serving the Queen when the Taipings were in revolt in China; ten years a soldier when Napier was storming Magdala; a veteran with twenty-seven years' service when Gordon was beleaguered in Khartum, and an ancient of forty-two years' service when Buller was fighting at Colenso

"These are going to be darned uncomfortable till we get to Switzerland"

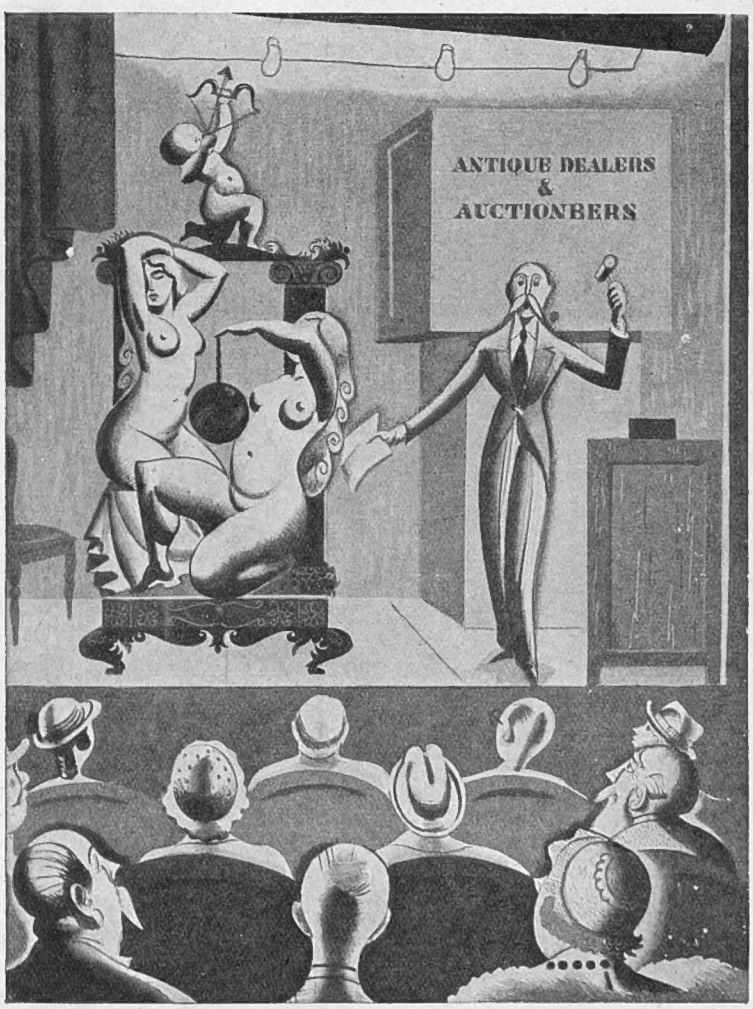
and we, ourselves, in prams, were patriotically applauding the C.I.V. and singing "Good-bye, Dolly Gray."

Tricky Work at the Customs

EVER since the bureaucracy which rules the country decreed that the morals of the country had better be under the supervision of those charming fellows at Dover who ask us if we are importing hollow glass-ware, howitzers, dolls with squeakers inside, battle-ships, gudgeon-pins (part aluminium), and so on, there has been a most effective censorship of books by these eminent literary critics. Just as the transition from wild medical student to grave and mellow doctor is sudden and yet invisible, so also the change over from ordinary bag-searchers into subtle appraisers of literary style has been strange and mysterious. But we understand that a very serious error of judgment was only averted by a hair's breadth the other day. An ardent bridge-player was returning from Paris, and in his luggage there was a new book on bridge, called *Squeeze-Play*, on the subject of the interesting card-play of a hand which is usually called "squeezing" the opposition. It was only by the merest chance that the owner of this obviously dreadful book was not instantly thrown into chokey. Even Mr. D. H. Lawrence, that bane of all Customs officials, never used quite such a blatant title as this.

The Merry Mayor

THE French have more wit than any other nation, except the Irish, but less sense of humour than any other, except, of course, the—



"Ladies and Gentlemen, Lot 47—a dinner gong"

THESPÆANS

No. 27.—Cab Calloway

His Hi-de-Highness of Ho-de-Ho
Has struck a shrewd and a bitter blow
At those lyric-writers who seek to show
That a dance-tune's words can make it go.
For when his mem'ry 's dull or slow,
He just lets drive with a fearsome flow
Of mouthings that sound inane, although
They charm the disciples of Ho-de-Ho

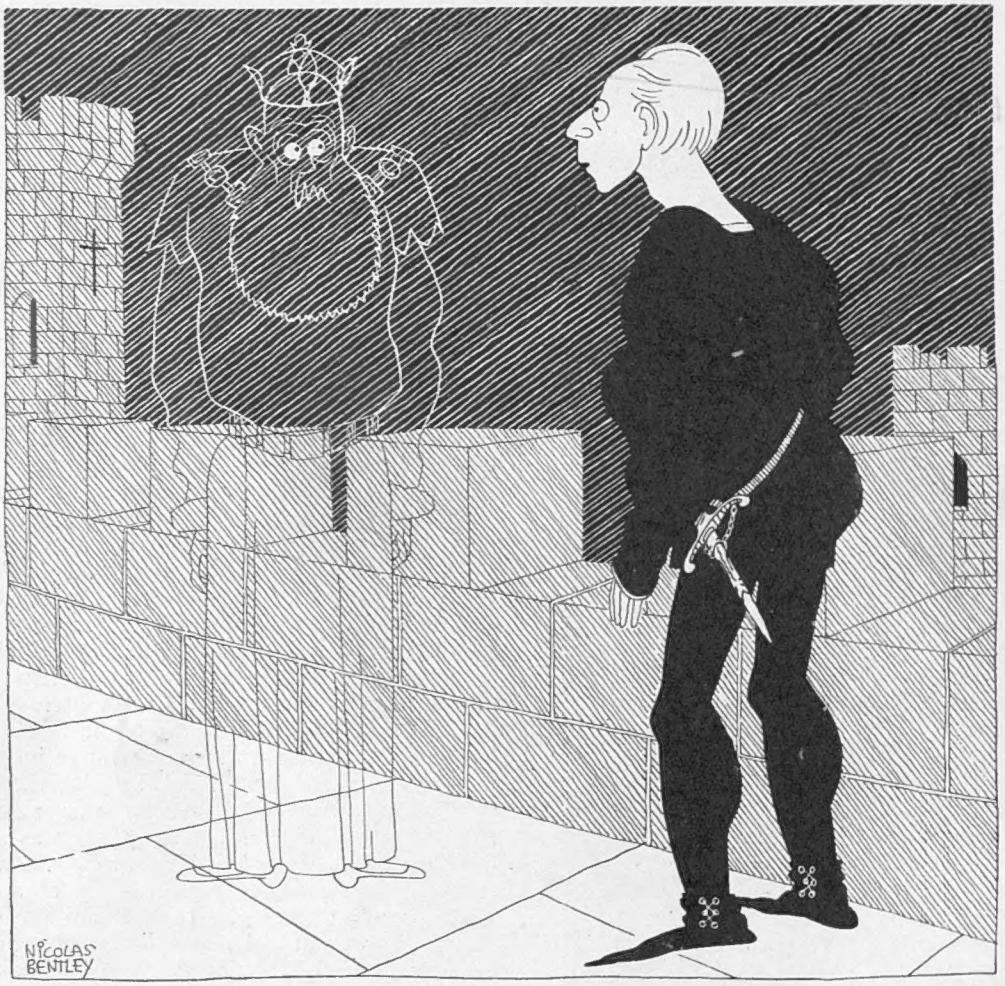
His Hi-de-Highness of Hi-de-Hi
Cannot, I fear, see quite eye to eye
With those old-time fogies who still deny
That beauty and charm can ever lie
In sounds like a tom cat's courting cry
Or shrieks kids make when they burn a guy,
Preferring the style of days gone by
To the curious cult of Hi-de-Hi

His Hi-de-Highness of Hee-de-Hee,
The handsome Cab, is no growler, he
Works like a Trojan to make us see
Songs without Words (of sense) can be
Things of pure joy and charm that we
Should cherish within our hearts. Ah, me!
Since I write lyrics, I can't agree
With the fiddle-de-dee of Hee-de-Hee!

His Hi-de-Highness of Hay-de-Hay,
The effervescing Cab Calloway,
Will go one better, I hope and pray,
For, since he scorns words, I 'm bound to say
He might get that band of his to play
Tunes without sounds as well some day,
And then a "scat" singer I 'd vote O.K.
Is his Hi-de-Highness of Hay-de-Hay!

B. W.

oh, well, don't let us go into that. Fill in any name you like. But if the French had had more sense of humour they could never have sent poor M. Pioch, the merry mayor of Saintes-Maries, down for a stretch of five years' hard. The man was a great figure of drollery. He introduced great gusts of laughter into Provence, with his town halls, and his casinos, and his sailors' country club that he built for his tiny village. And his pensions for shark-catchers, and his remorseless pursuit of the "white whales," and his jaunts into Marseilles at public expense, and his pal Can-Can, the jolly grave-digger. Even the jury seems to have been inoculated with the germ of inconsequential frivolity, for when it retired to find the answers to 977 questions put to it by the judge, it sent back a message asking for plenty of beer. With enough beer, said the foreman, we can do the whole job in one night. Lashings of beer were sent to them, and their brains were stimulated to such an astonishing rapidity and efficiency that they reached complete agreement on all the questions in two hours, except for Question 919 which, for some reason, they forgot to consider at all. Well, the world is poorer for a wag, and heaven knows wags are wanted in these days of lunacy.



Historical Wisecracks. No. 13

As Hamlet said to the ghost:

"HOW'S YOURSELF?"

Poor Old Golly

So the poor darling has got to pack his kit and clear out of Germany. Gollywog is so unquestionably a black man that not even his greatest admirer could truthfully say that he is a Prussian. Perhaps he is the more to be envied for his expulsion. When the goose-step is abroad in the land, the homely face and homely virtues of Golly are out of their element, and an entertainer of the nurseries is not in much demand when bayonets are being sharpened. What a world, masters, what a world!

Another Retort

Recently we published one or two examples of classic retorts. Another one has come our way in Dr. Philip Gosse's delightful book on the war, which is called *Memoirs of a Camp-Follower*. The great Lord Kelvin began a lecture in Glasgow by asking if anyone could tell him what electricity is. A youth called MacGregor got up, started to speak, was covered with confusion, and sat down again. "Come, Mr. MacGregor," said Kelvin, "don't be shy. Please tell us." The unfortunate youth got up again, blushing scarlet, and mumbled that he had forgotten. Lord Kelvin became terribly serious. "Gentlemen," he said, "a very grave calamity has occurred. Only two persons in the world know what electricity is. God is one, and He won't say. Mr. MacGregor is the other, and he has forgotten"

The Bystanders.

Family Likenesses in Black and White

Two Sisters and Their Dogs

LADY CAROLINE and Lady Elizabeth Paget are the elder of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's five daughters, and nieces of the Duke of Rutland. Lady Caroline Paget is twenty-one this year, is very attractive to look at, and was one of the loveliest debs of her year. Her eighteen-year-old sister will certainly be in the same category this year; she is being presented at one of the May Courts by her mother. Both the sisters are very musical; Lady Elizabeth Paget has just come back from Munich, where she has been studying music for the last two years. Her black French bulldog is called Cheeky, and Lady Caroline Paget's white Peke is Jakey

Right: *Lady Caroline Paget*

Below: *Lady Elizabeth Paget*

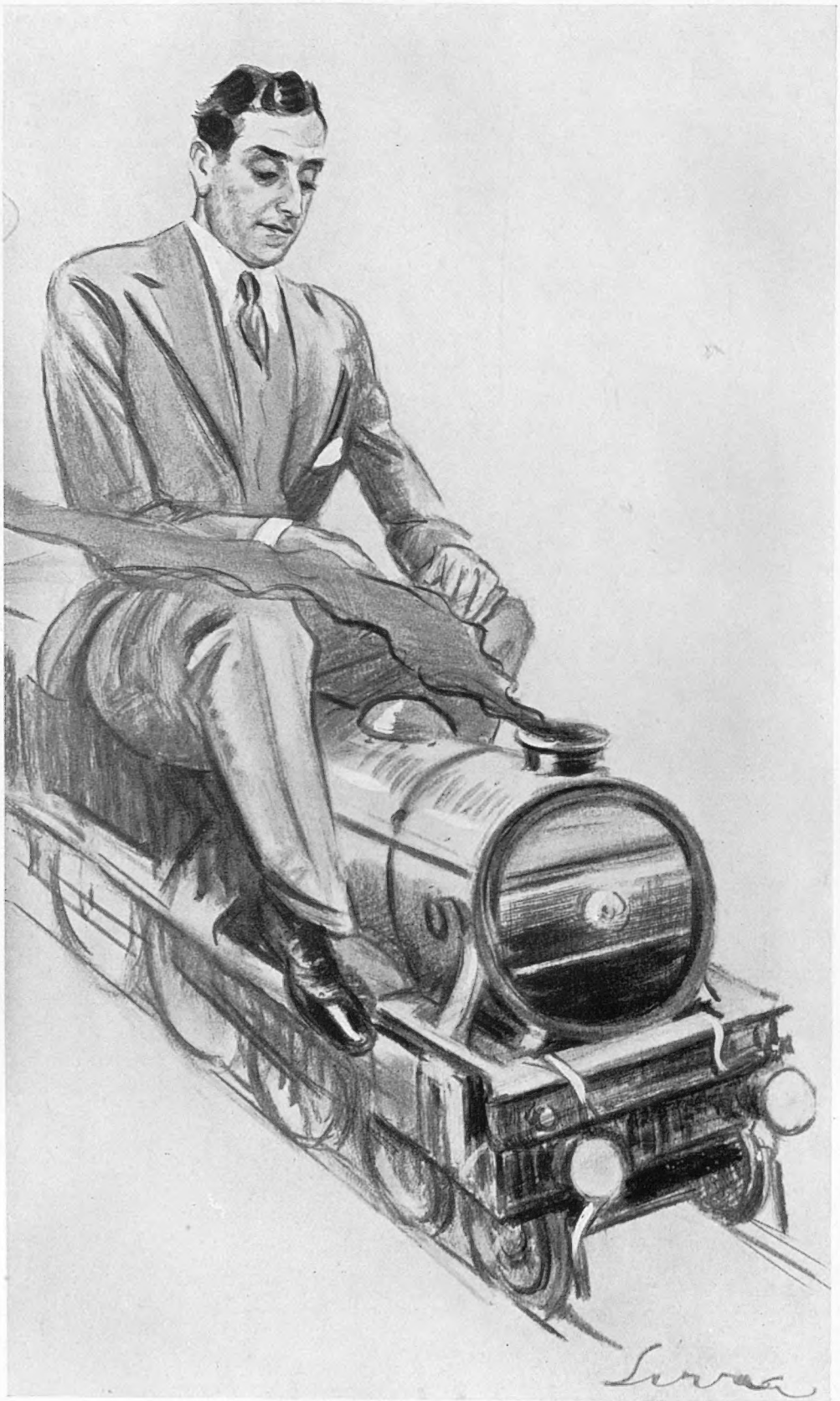
Photos by Yevonde

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 44.

The Marquess of Milford Haven

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra



George Louis Victor Henry Sergius Mountbatten, second Marquess of Milford Haven, is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. He smokes Camel cigarettes, out of a silver case which contains fifty at a time, and which, on the outside, is engraved with the whole of its owner's twenty-seven years in the Navy, beginning with Osborne and proceeding, by way of Heligoland, Jutland, and the Dogger Bank, to the Admiralty, from which he finally retired only fifteen months ago.

His chief hobby in life is a model railway-train system, with two miles of track in a converted barn in the grounds of his place near Maidenhead. Except for good-natured tennis in the summer, he plays no games—in contrast to his wife, the daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, whom I would sooner have as a partner in a mixed foursome off her handicap of nine, than any other woman in the country.

Not surprisingly, after his many years in the Navy, Lord Milford Haven is particularly interested in the Sperry Gyroscope, which prevents ships rolling (cross-Channel steamers, please note). Indeed, he is Chairman of the company which makes them. In addition, he is a director of the Gaiety, Adelphi, His Majesty's, Shaftesbury, Apollo, and Cambridge, and what he cannot tell you about the statistics of bar-receipts at various types of shows is not worth telling.

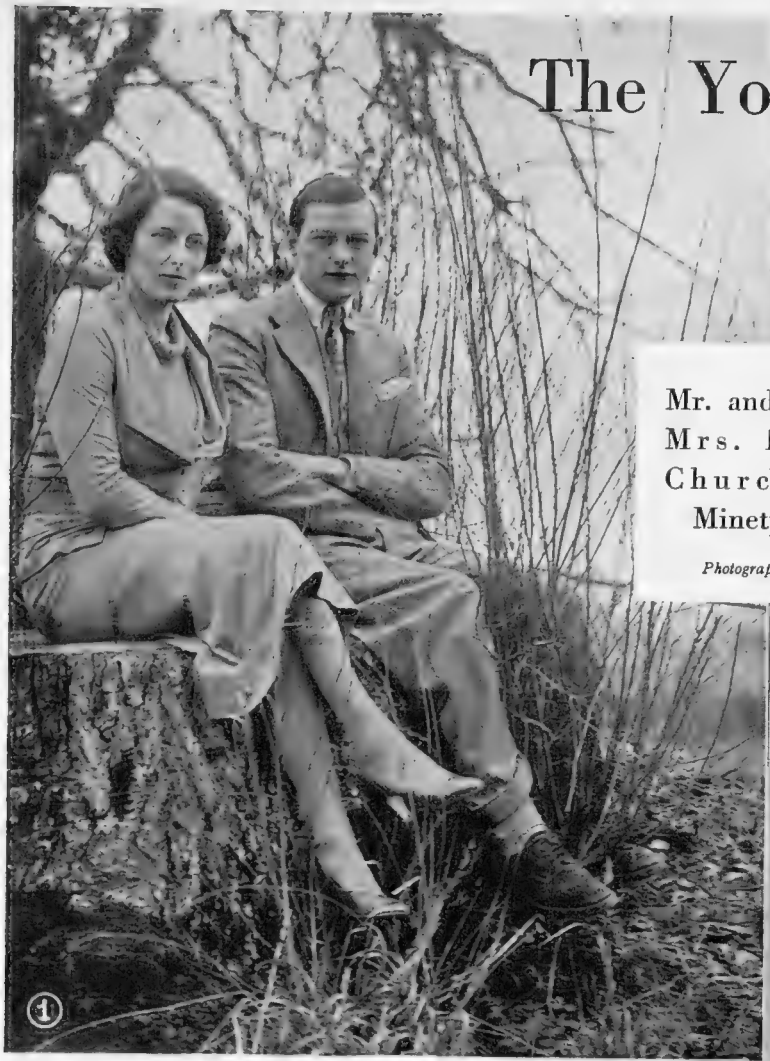
Every day, too, you will find him either in the Regent Street offices of Electrolux or in the factory at Luton. Engineering of all kinds interests him enormously. Other directorships include the St. James's Street branch of the Alliance Insurance Company and Ciro's, of which he is also Chairman. Nor must one forget a profitable little company which prints the programmes for about twenty-two theatres. His other theatrical interests include his assistance in the choice of the original "Les Girls" of the Dorchester when he was in New York last year.

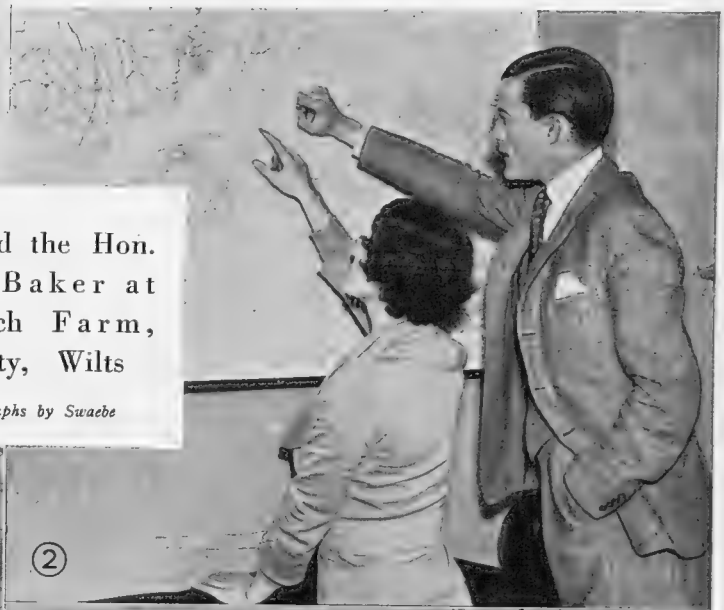
Of middle height, he is very quiet and has dark-brown hair and eyes. He was born in Darmstadt, the capital city of Hesse. He has a flat in London, and some wonderful old Kümmel and 1865 Château Yquem at Lynden Manor, near Maidenhead, which, when he bought it, had a bathroom to every bedroom and even one in the cloakroom. He holds Russian, Spanish, Italian, and Swedish decorations. His wife is a sister-in-law of Sir Harold Wernher, who has been a most valuable business associate. He himself has the most perfect manners of anyone I have met. What a pity he does not play more games!

The Young Folks at Home

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Baker at Church Farm, Minety, Wilts

Photographs by Swaebe





MR. and Mrs. David Baker were married last summer and are now settled in their lovely old Wiltshire house, Church Farm, at Minety. Mrs. Baker was the Hon. Eileen Hood, and is Viscount Bridport's only sister. Both she and her husband belong to the country, and like all country things. Mr. Baker used to be Master of the Fowey Harriers, and Mrs. Baker is an exceptionally good horsewoman; in one of the photographs they are looking on the map for the next meet. They have three hunters, as well as a trio of dogs—a bloodhound, a French bulldog, and a dachshund

(1) The David Bakers on Their Wiltshire Farm *(2) Planning to Hunt* *(3) Sitting by the Fire*
(4) At the Front Door *(5) In the Stable Yard*

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Marguerite de la Motte as the girl who becomes tough, temperamental, and conceited when she is made a star, and John Halliday as her producer and boy-friend, in "Woman's Man," another Hollywood show-up of Hollywood life

"No More Women"

THE rivalry for "Janes" or "Dames" or "Babies"—they look and act so similarly that differentiation is beyond me—between Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe has become a tradition since its magnificent inauguration in *The Cock-eyed World*. Ridiculous to pretend that this ghost of past accomplishment comes near to reaching the stature of its ancestor. This time the competitors are divers, and there is some interesting under-sea photography, and probably veracious exploitation of detail about the diving "racket," with McLaglen as "Forty-Fathom" and Lowe as "Three Time," star divers on rival salvage-boats. "Forty Fathom" beats "Three Time" on a remunerative job, and is engaged as first diver, with "Three Time" in a secondary rôle, on the Pelican. A girl called Helen, played almost too vivaciously by Sally Blane, becomes owner and occupant of the Pelican, and the film resolves itself into rivalry between the two men for sentimental as well as "diver's" honours. Plenty of rough stuff, verbal and actual, and the usual ending, with the rivals as partners in the decision to have "no more women"; but the theme, its treatment and exponents lack novelty.

"Woman's Man"

DIFFICULT to criticise, because the story and characterisation are rather good, and the acting, by at least three of the cast, is sincere and efficient; but the production lacks glamour. The story is by Adela Rogers St. John, who has recently written the Fairbanks' story for a Sunday paper, and really knows about life (if it is life ?) in Hollywood. It purports to give the 'low down" about the degeneration into a conceited, lying little "four-flusher" of a girl who was an ordinarily decent human being until she was transformed into a star. It is difficult to believe that anyone so superficial could be illuminated into even pseudo-brilliance, and easy to understand that no real star would undertake such an unsympathetic rôle. Marguerite de la Motte gets the last ounce out of the part. John Halliday is truly excellent as the much-tried producer-cum-admirer. Wallace Ford is the boxer hero. They mean to make him a star, and many fans find him sympathetic, but I do not think he has an adequately attractive physique. Kitty Kelly stands out as a personality, with a good, low-register voice, and high-standard appearance.

"The Path to Glory"

THIS was a successful B.B.C. play. The little I have been able to hear of wireless plays has prejudiced me against them, but presumably the dialogue must be good, because there is nothing else to recommend oral dramatics. In this case it is brilliant. Every line tells. Pictorially, it is adequate and amusing, but the story is dependent on its verbal content. It is the best dramatic and satirical

Below: Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as the two diving experts who compete for the favours of Sally Blane, who owns the boat they're working on, in "No More Women," at the Plaza

"No More Women"

"Sorrell and Son": A F

Above: yet another film with a "woman" title is "My Woman," which is all about the intrigues and romances behind the scenes on the radio. Helen Twelvetrees and Victor Jory are the stars

Below: Hugh Williams and Donald Calthrop in the English film of Warwick Deeping's novel, which is now on at the Leicester Square Theatre

! Filmed

Valerie Hobson as Marie, and Maurice Evans as Anton Maroni, in the brilliant film of the B.B.C. play, "The Path to Glory," which has been made by the Triumph Film Company

Athole Stewart as General Ferranizi, another character in "The Path to Glory," the film with the Ruritanian-politics plot, the witty and satiric dialogue and the clever acting, which is discussed on this page

dialogue staged or screened during this century. It is based on the not-so-ludicrous idea that no country can afford to *win* a war. To make it picturesque, and not too politically provocative, the countries involved are "Ruritanian," or, if you will, mid-European, Sardonia and Thalia. Sardonia has a King (by personal, not Divine right), excellently played by Henry Danvill, with a beard. Thalia has a President. An excellently devised petty quarrel between frontier guards, and the obstinacy of Parliamentary council, leads to war. Both King and President are determined to lose the war and reap the benefits. Their intrigues and frustration are humorously and dramatically established. Felix Aylmer, as the President, gives a quite brilliant performance of dictional perfection. This is a production by a new British company—the Triumph—and they deserve congratulations, mixed with gratitude. If you can listen, and if you can appreciate irony and perfect acting, you should not miss *The Path to Glory*.

"Good Girl"

SYLVIA SYDNEY, her talent and elusive good looks wasted, as another stranded, penniless "chorine" at the mercy of bad men, succinctly described as "cheap chasers." One must applaud experiment, and admire Fredric March for his versatility. When in Rome he did as the Romans did; cast among the lions of America's "tough guys," he delivers the wisecracks with gusto. The film begins busily and dramatically in a fun-fair, and ends with bathos in that equally entertaining and bewildering venue, an American Court of Justice.

"Double Event"

TOPICAL and National (Aintree!); not enough wit to carry off unlikely situations, not enough star-dust to blind the eye to defects. A country parson's daughter, running a book-making business in London under the pretext of "art," is "discovered" by a malicious aunt and a not-too-generous suitor, who both intrigue against her, and "break" her on the Grand National. She is brought to heel, and the altar. Jane Baxter is the girl. She has a good voice, but no glamour. Bernard Lee is the "hero." Why? O. B. Clarence, as the parson, takes all the acting honours.

Westminster Whispers : Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

I DO not suppose that Mr. Walter Elliot wants any Easter Eggs. Let him spend his holiday-honeymoon in peace. The moans and groans of Agriculture must often have kept him awake during the last twelve months or so. But he himself is to blame. There is no doubt about it, he has revived the corpse, and if a grumble is the one sign of life, at least it is a thoroughly healthy one and very English.

MR. ERNEST BROWN is still struggling with that obstreperous old gentleman King Coal. My friend the tobacconist round the corner (which is only a politician's way of providing a variation from our proverbial friend, the man-in-the-street), tells me he still hasn't made up his mind which is the bigger set of rotters—the owners or the men. I think Mr. Brown knows.

THE Minister for Mines, as he is incorrectly called—his proper title is Parliamentary Secretary to the Mines Department—in private life, Mr. Alfred Ernest Brown, should certainly have an Easter Egg. He would enjoy it. Mr. Brown enjoys anything and everything. He is at his best at a rowdy meeting. He is probably the finest electioneer the Government possesses. Then, look at his experience!

HE sits on the Front Bench now, as often as not next to the man who seemed at one time to have finished his career for him. Mr. Brown is of a persevering and patient nature. He was determined to get into Parliament. He comes from Torquay. Salisbury rejected him twice, and Mitcham. Then, in 1923, he turned Captain Euan Wallace out of Rugby. (Captain Wallace can also sit next to him on the Front Bench, if he wants to.) In 1924 there came to Rugby Captain Margesson, who avenged Captain Wallace, and out went Mr. Brown.

BUT at last, in 1927, Leith; and Mr. Brown's magnificent victory, with a majority of 111, was hailed as the dawn of the new Liberal resurrection. The Party's recruiting went up by leaps and bounds. Alas! 1929 shattered the illusion. Mr. Brown, however, went from strength to strength, from Lloyd George to Simon. Now he has left Hilton Young for Runciman—is it a portent?

MR. RUNCIMAN, as President of the Board of Trade, is like a hen with her chickens. He has three under-secretaries; his is the watchful eye, the guardian wing for them. Messrs. Brown, Burgin and Colville all sit in his nest.

COLONEL COLVILLE is doubly looked after. The Foreign Office has a half-share in his Department of Overseas Trade. He is the one man who can and does serve two masters. And happily and successfully into the bargain. If he keeps his seat, and North Midlothian is not a rest-cure, he is, as the more official organs say, marked out for preferment.

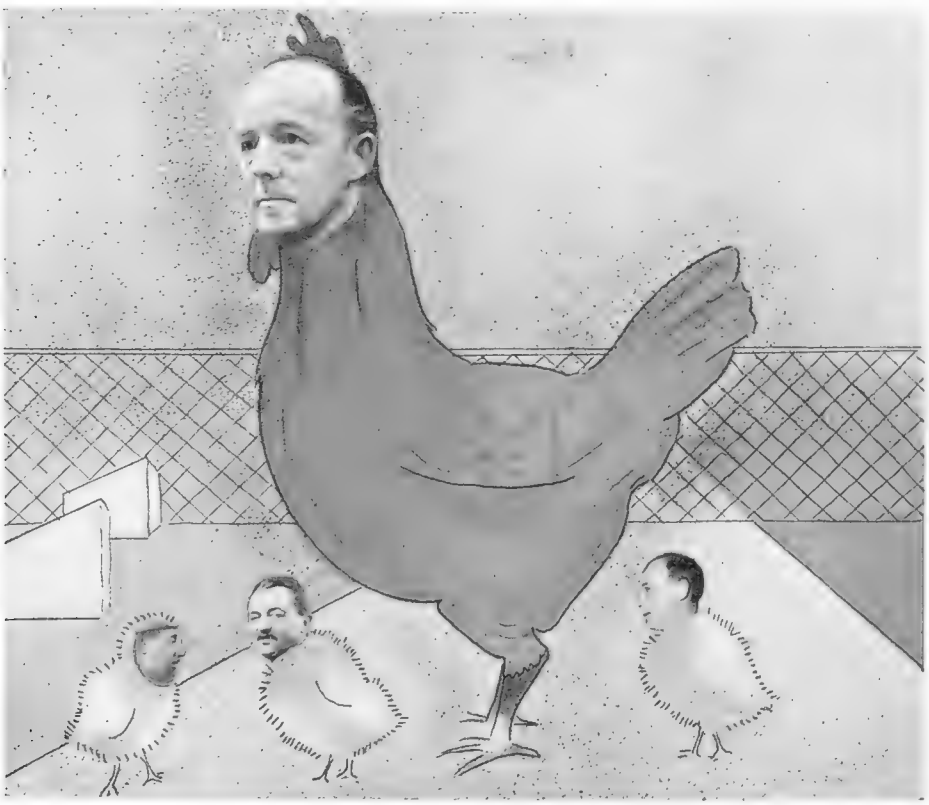
So, I suppose, are a good number of the present collection of Under-Secretaries. They are a strong team; the strongest team, in fact, that any Government has had for many a long day. Which is all the more reason why Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should take the plunge. The uncharted seas, if he wants to, he can avoid.

SPRING is in the air. It has even permeated into the House, though how much the Budget prospects have to do with it I cannot be sure. Anyway, whatever the cause, Members were not going about the last week when we rose with quite the usual gloom that most of them affect for public exhibition. Mr. Hannon—is it possible?—is cheerier than ever. Perhaps he knows a thing or two? The wits are polishing their jokes—how well one knows the dear things—and those who have fallen by the wayside are making their summer resolutions to pick up their Division record on the Finance Bill.

THE real interest of Sir John Reith's appearance before the 1922 Committee lies in the accounts which were blazoned in the Press the next day. The Committee, which is actually composed of nearly every Conservative Member in the House, is vowed to secrecy. This time an official announcement was made, but there were innumerable truthful embellishments to it. Who is the culprit?

IT has happened before. There have been protests and deplorations, but the leak continues. Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Chairman of the Committee, may be a good enough plumber to track it down. He is a clever man, the Scotsman who sits for Tewkesbury and Cirencester, the Division which has the reputation of being the cheapest (for the Member) in the United Kingdom. He is another of whom great things are expected. He is untidy; to look at, uninspiring—sometimes to listen to. He is a barrister who has lately taken silk, so they say, to relieve him of too much work. But there may be a higher and more official reason.

I AM told that the East Fulham Conservative Association are having some trouble in finding a suitable candidate for the next election. There are plenty of applicants available who are prepared to try any seat, wherever it be, which is offered them. Perhaps, in the case of Fulham, the Conservatives had better not bother too much about getting a local man. But elsewhere the desire to use any constituency to get into Parliament is not the ideal recommendation for a candidate to flourish—as most of them do.



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More DÉBUTANTES of 1934

"Buds" of the Coming Season

Bassano

Lady Patricia Mackay

Yevonde

The Hon. Patricia Berry

Bassano

Miss Averil Loyd

Yevonde

Miss Helen Chetwynd-Stapylton

Tunbridge

Miss Susan Bligh

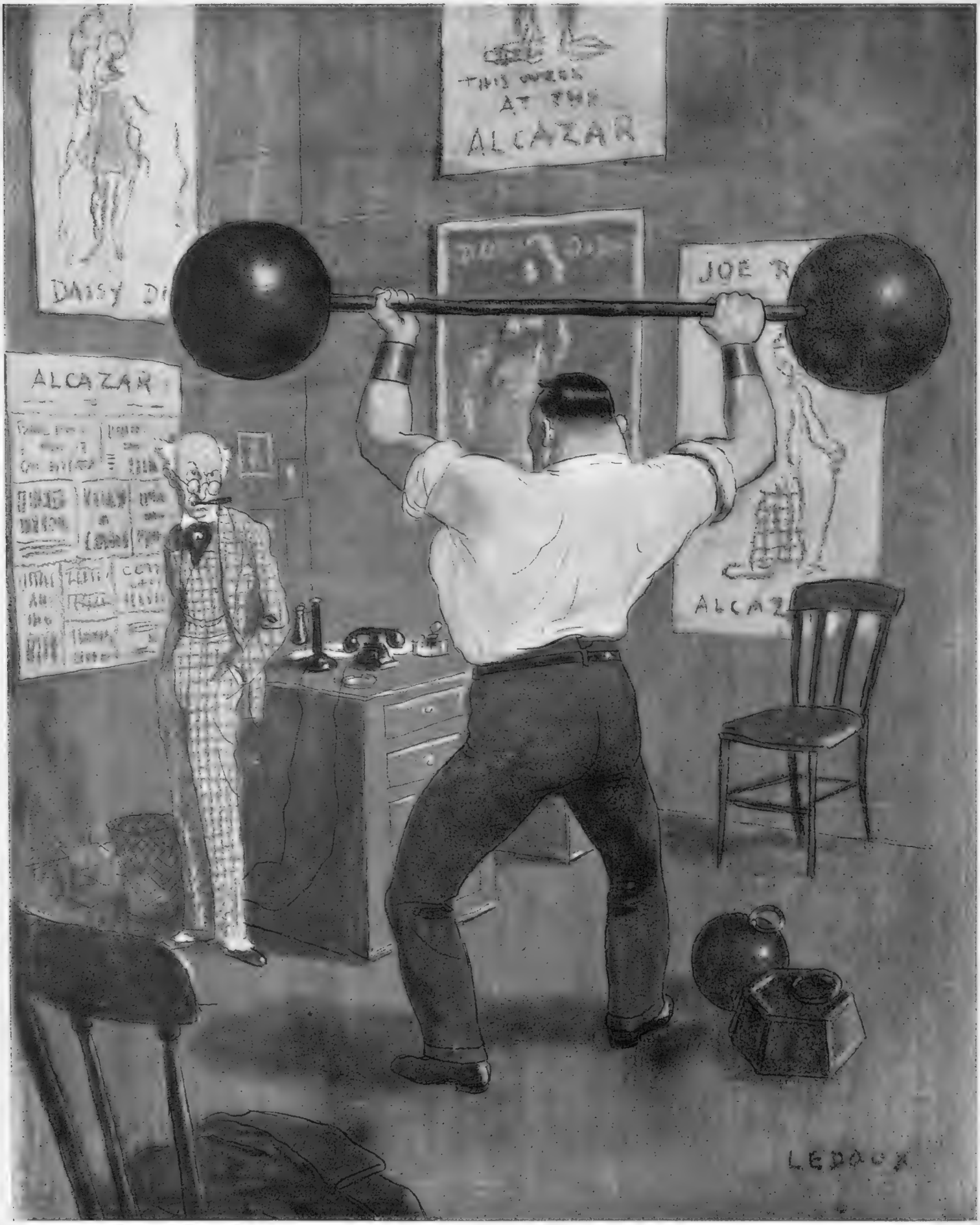
Above: Miss Averil Loyd is the daughter of the late Major Lewis Loyd and Mrs. Ralph Stobart. Her mother and Thelma, Lady Furness, are giving a coming-out dance for her on May 30th at Claridge's

Top right: the Hon. Patricia Berry, Lord and Lady Camrose's third daughter, is one of the older of this year's débutantes, as she is nearly nineteen. She is being presented by her mother at an early Court

Top, centre: Lady Patricia Mackay is the Earl of Inchcape's eighteen-year-old daughter by his first wife. She is being presented by her attractive stepmother, who is only five years older than Lady Patricia

Right: another débutante who is being presented by her mother is Miss Helen Chetwynd-Stapylton, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chetwynd-Stapylton, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Maitland-Makgill-Crichton

Miss Susan Bligh is another eighteen-year-old, and is the daughter of the Hon. Noel and Mrs. Bligh, and a niece of the Earl of Darnley. Her elder sister, Miss Jasmine Bligh, is on the stage; her last part was in Beatrice Lillie's revue, "Please!"



"Pah! Anybody can do that"

Lord Wharncliffe showing Miss Christa Paravicini, the Swiss Minister's débutante daughter, round on her first visit to Aintree

Mr. Michael Hornby, Mrs. Lionel Guinness and Mrs. Michael Hornby photographed together on the first day of the meeting

Lady Wharncliffe and Miss Gabrielle Robins on their way to look at the jumps, on the Thursday, before the big crowds arrived

Up at Aintree for the Grand National

A Racing Reverie

Grist to the Golden Miller

By "Regular"

ALTHOUGH you may not believe it, we journalists are very human folk, with preferences just like any of the rest of you. Having admitted so much, I will tell you that I hoped that Town Crier would win the Lincoln for my old friend Mr. Leo Lonsdale.

MANY years ago Mr. Lonsdale and I stood shoulder-to-shoulder on the barrack-square at Chelsea, unflinching while, day after day, a vitriolic Adjutant called us the rudest names. I had tipped you Quartz, and right well he ran, too, but by Gad, Sir, the fellow who wouldn't support a brother-officer deserves a good horse-whipping; and, having lost a certain amount of caste by backing the "dirty Frogs," I was preparing to support the Regiment, when I found he was drawn No. 2.

ALL my life I have found draws the most intriguing things, but you can take it from me that low draws at Lincoln are very unsatisfactory. Despite this big handicap, Town Crier ran very well, and he should not be long in winning a race.

PLAY ON is owned and trained by two gentlemen I am not acquainted with. There are obviously no flies on Mr. Russell, who trained him, and I have it on the best authority that his owner, Mr. Simon, is no connection of our friend Simple, who met the pieman in our childhood's books.

THERE is not a great deal to be said about Lincoln. There were very few people there—in fact, I think the Mem was the only person of either sex who paid to go in during the three days, my suggestion that she should pretend she was Versicle, who had been delayed on the journey, having been turned down.

IT was very nice to meet all our old friends again, though something of a national calamity occurred on the first day in that Gordon failed to ride a winner, and quite a number of our shrewdest judges came to the conclusion that he 'd gone off.

GORDON, however, explained it to me this way: "On the Sunday night I won money at cards off Johnny Dines. In all my life I 'd never done such a thing before, and when I went to bed, I said to myself, 'You 'll be paid out for that, Gordon; you won't ride a winner to-morrow'—and I didn't."

LIVERPOOL is, of course, always the greatest fun, and Mr. Wood, Mr. Topham's successor as Clerk of the Course, ought to have a gold medal for efficiency, and is, moreover, the most courteous official I have ever met.

EVERYBODY who is anyone—bar Lords Sefton and Carnarvon, both indisposed—seemed to be there, and there was no end of good cheer and bonhomie, both on the course and in the various hotels every evening.

THE County Stand is composed of two schools of thought: those who "high hat" the jumping and refuse to watch the National, and those who only watch the jumping races and turn their backs on the flat ones.

WELL, the National has just been run, Golden Miller has won, and my head is still full of a number of impressions—none of them very clear—of what has been the most popular victory I have ever seen in this wonderful race.

YOU all know by this time the history of the race, so I will take up the story from the moment Golden Miller passed the post. There is one mad rush to the unsaddling enclosure, and I find myself in the front row of the "magic circle," wedged tightly between "Sonny" Hall, who taught Gerry Wilson to ride, and General Kennedy.

IT is all rot to say that the scene after the National is always the same—this one was entirely different, as everyone was hysterical with joy at the success of one of the greatest steeplechase horses we have ever seen.

NONE of us knows Miss Paget. She is painfully shy and reserved, and all we know of her is that she is devoted to her horses. She is, I am sure, though, a very human person, and there were tears of joy in her eyes as she led in her gallant winner. I don't blame her; I had a lump in my throat fit to choke me.

WE cheer ourselves hoarse as Gerry Wilson unsaddles, and lean over the palings and slap Basil Briscoe on the back. We may not be very well acquainted with Miss Paget, but we all know Basil, and to know him is to like him. I began this article by saying that journalists have preferences the same as everyone else, and although I had not won money, the victory of Golden Miller gave me more pleasure than I can say.

GOLDEN MILLER'S victory seems to have affected everyone else in the same way, judging by the scene round the bar, and although few people admit having won, everyone is going on as if they 'd "packed up a parcel."

THE Mem orders a bottle which I am just in time to pay for, and I see Lord Stavordale, Lord Milton, the Smith-Binghams, Peter Dollar, "Pilks," "Boy" Wilson, "Grimey" Whitelaw, the Philip Dunnes, and the Philip Dunns, to mention just a few, all roughing it on the '23, which Lord Stavordale, a very competent judge of these things, tells me is the best vintage to be had on racecourses these days. And thus pleasantly employed, I will leave you all till next week.

Second Thoughts on First Nights: Through a Door Lightly

"Double Door" (Globe)

UNTIL Elizabeth McFadden's expert and exciting drama about a family chamber of horrors came to the Globe from Fifth Avenue, I 'd no idea that domestic tyranny of the real Victorian brand belonged outside the stately homes of England. The kind of rough stuff that Mr. Barrett handed out to the young Barretts in Wimpole Street always seemed to me so delightfully and exclusively British.

But those venerable New York families had got the idea all right, even after a mere two hundred years of ancestor-worship, and if the Van Bretts of the play are to be taken for granted (and, with a grain of salt, I don't see why they shouldn't be), there 's no doubt that the old-style American paterfamilias was just about as tiresome a lunatic as ever bestrode a hearthrug.

Father Van Brett appears at the Globe in the form of an urn, brightly illuminated, containing his ashes. In a forbidding mausoleum of a room Victoria Van Brett guards the family shrine, keeps the windows tight shut and the servants on tenter-hooks, and dominates her family like some remorseless evil spirit. The Van Brett lineage and wealth are her gods. Her dithering sister, Caroline, she reduces to hysterical obedience by the mere threat of the hidden vault. Papa had built it as a sound-proof retreat from imaginary enemies, and the queer thing is that only Victoria and Caroline know of its existence. Poor Caroline knew all right, for Victoria, who alone knew the combination of the inner door, had once popped her inside for disobedience.

WHEN her half-brother, Robert, married his nurse—a nasty blow to family pride—Victoria began a campaign of persecution against the poor girl which could have but one ending. It was only a question of time, one felt, before the usurper of the Van Brett pearls, snatched away on her wedding-day, should join those priceless heirlooms in the chamber of horrors.

The girl's oncoming doom, the scene in which Victoria brings in a private detective to testify against her morals, the accumulation of horrific suspense and the grand finale in the best Grand Guignol manner—all this is great sport, especially for Sybil Thorndike. Moving like an angry, white-topped galleon with a slight roll to starboard, Miss Thorndike piles on the agony in a baleful basso through a twisted lip. It is the sort of hair-raising acting which gets you into that delicious state where you 're pretty sure that cold-blooded murder is the best joke ever invented.

THE Thorndike bane sinister grows from cold and calculated venom into the snarling fury of a beaten wolf and ends up in a raving babble of lunacy. No one can touch her at the Grand Guignol game when she gets into her stride.

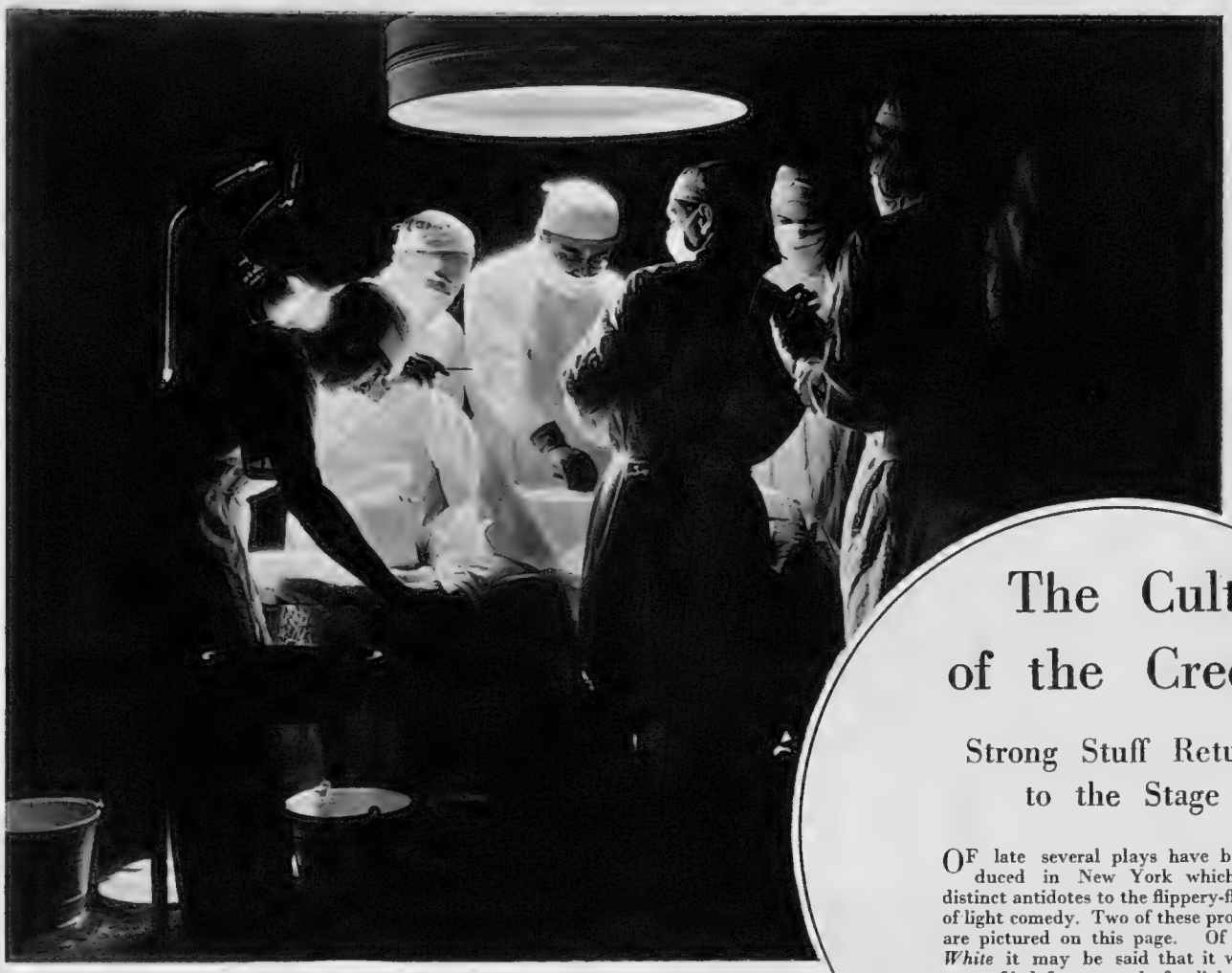
Owen Nares in one wobbly, weak-kneed sort of part, and Christine Silver in another, support her with expert effectiveness. Carol Goodner, as the persecuted bride, throws herself body and soul into the period and the picture with immense skill.

You can turn up a high-brow nose at this sort of spine-freezing stuff if you like, but an evening with the Van Bretts and their vaulting act strikes me as most people's cup of tea.

TRINCULO.

"Double Door," at the Globe

Insanity lurking in her eyes! Victoria Van Brett (Sybil Thorndike), autocrat of the Van Brett household, and a few of the individuals whose lives she endeavours to influence successfully. L. to R., Caroline Van Brett (Christine Silver), Edward Mortimer (Charles Lefeaux), Dr. John Sully (Sebastian Shaw), Robert Van Brett (Owen Nares), and his wife, Anne (Carol Goodner)



"Men in White"

A scene from "Men in White," showing an operation taking place on the stage. This play might be termed propaganda for physicians, not to mention surgeons, and is a model of technical accuracy. It also suggests that medicos only live for their work for humanity and take but little heed in the diversions of life, which is not, perhaps, quite so accurate

The Cult of the Creeps

Strong Stuff Returns to the Stage

OF late several plays have been produced in New York which act as distinct antidotes to the flippery-flummery of light comedy. Two of these productions are pictured on this page. Of *Men in White* it may be said that it wafts the scent of iodoform over the footlights, for the setting is throughout in a hospital, while in the action of *Dark Tower* hypnotism, assault and murder all play a part

Photographs by Vandamm, New York

The "Dark Tower" Thriller *Left: Ernest Milton as a sort of modern Svengali who casts a spell over a young actress, marries her and ruins her career, and escapes from jail just before his wife is staging a come-back, is on the left. Basil Sidney, the wastrel brother-in-law who finally murders his sister's husband, is seen right. Right: William Harrigan as a theatrical manager unable to keep his hands off the horrible husband of his leading lady, whom he loves to distraction and eventually marries. The brother, who commits the murder, manages to evade arrest, and a happy ending—except for the principal villain—brings down the curtain*

"National" Figures

An Aintree Who's Who

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, Lady Milton and Mr. and Mrs. David Plunket made a family group. Lady Milton is Mr. David Plunket's sister, and married Lady Helena Fitzwilliam's brother

Lady Mary Grosvenor and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, the Duke of Westminster's two daughters, talking to King George of Greece, and Lady Serena James considering the field

The Duke of Westminster and the Hon. Mrs. Somerset watching the horses go round the ring

Earl Beatty and the Hon. Joan Marjoribanks, Lord Tweedmouth's younger daughter, before the big race

Miss Daphne Cook-Hurle and Miss Anne Hankey were among the wise ones who had shooting-sticks with them

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray, and the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell spent part of National day together

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

THE Easter holidays must be our great thought. Unless something has gone radically wrong with my plans, I shall have been to Le Touquet, in an aeroplane so appropriately named "Banco," and be able to regale you next week with a mass of "potins." These will form an early basis for the coming summer special spy service, subscription to which is one shilling weekly, as indicated on the cover of this paper. Yet I had the chance to go to Blackpool, where the Norbreck Hydro, that "dream castle on the cliffs," had arranged a programme ranging from a "Get-Together Dance" to "Finding the most perfect girl in the Hydro." But it was rather too early in the season, so I am waiting for "Wakes Week," when about eighty-five thousand and two Lancashire lasses let themselves go. Mayfairers, note this, for you have, at the most, one thousand Mayfairies from whom to chose.

SYBIL THORNDIKE has put over the shudders once again. As a malignant maniac she is in excellent form at the Globe Theatre in *Double Door*. Among those who shivered in a chilly delight at the first night were Una Lady Troubridge and Miss Radclyffe Hall, who were together; Auriol Lee and John Van Druten, who also were together; Mr. J. B. Joel, Godfrey Tearle—and what a wonderful reception Dame Sybil received! Afterwards, at the Ice Club, Westminster, there was a "Carnival on Zuyder Zee," which, of course, incorporated Dutch girls and Dutch cheeses. And in one of the scenes the boys tantalised the girls with brightly-coloured pettis, whistling that well-known ditty, "I've a Pretty Pink Petti from Peter . . ." There was some excellent skating by Ernst Baier and Maxi Herber, and at the end Lady Londonderry gave away the prizes, after an exhibition of barrel-jumping by Phil Taylor. Lord and Lady Dunmore, the German Ambassador, and Kathleen Lady Domville were spotted

Douglas

Miss Joy Du Pre, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. B. Du Pre's youngest daughter, is engaged to Mr. Nicholas Townshend Durham, the only son of Mr. James and Lady Agnes Durham, and a nephew of Lord Townshend. Their wedding is to take place in June. Miss Du Pre's elder sisters are Lady Churston and Mrs. Richard Herbert

Above: Mr. Paris Singer, Mrs. Ralph St. Hill, Mrs. Paris Singer and Mr. Ralph St. Hill were a party of four for supper at the Café de Paris

Below: Miss Penelope Maffey and the Vicomte de Rosière at Romano's. Miss Maffey is the daughter of Sir John Maffey, the Governor-General of the Sudan; she recently made an adventurous cross-desert trip in her car

Photographs by Swaebe

Left: Sir Edward Chichester and Mrs. P. Cairnes were sitting at a wall table for supper at the Café de Paris

Mr. Nigel Gibbs and Miss Peggy Paget, who are being married in June, were together at the cocktail-party Mrs. Eustace Storey gave. Miss Peggy Paget is Lady Drogheda's daughter

Mr. "Ham" Martin, who was the winner of the President's Putter this year, took a look at "The Bystander" at Mrs. Storey's party

Another of Mrs. Eustace Storey's handsome company of guests was Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

(Continued)

in the very full house, which showed what a new lease of life this club has taken in the past few months.

IN Quaglino's the other night I heard the strains of a string band. Realising that it was not Van Straten's usual type of effort, I peered whence came the sounds, and saw what our fathers called a "White Hungarian Band." It was playing in a private room for Mr. David and Lady Anne Rhys, who were celebrating the anniversary of their wedding day. Mr. Rhys, who is now at Claridge's as assistant manager, has a courtly, old-world dignity, hence the decorous Viennese airs for his guests. I espied Lady O'Neill, very cheerful and perky, Lady Joan Colville, another of our smart-young-marrieds, Mr. Roger Chetwode, Miss Eileen Brougham, Lady Katherine Howard, Miss Livia Paravicini; in the party of thirty-four there was only one person over that age.

THE coarse-fishing season is now over; but the best fishermen are trying their flies for the trout. Lord Leigh closed up the pike-fishing season with a great catch on Slapton Ley, but for the next few months "quenelles de brochet" will be out of season. Sea anglers can all take good heart—plaice, dabs, and flounders are beginning to show up near the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour.

THE Grand National, to the true lover of jumpin' (as opposed to the flat), provides him with the year's jolliest jaunt. Cheltenham has its points, so has the Grand Military ("Dammee, m'boy!"), but this race—well, one just sees everybody who 's anybody, and the devil of a lot of people whom one thinks are nobody and who are somebody,

I saw one queerly-dressed man, like a keeper out in his best suit, with only a paddock ticket. Yet he had made umpteen thousands on the Leeds Stock Exchange about a week ago. The Adelphi has its gala week, of course; 4s. for a champagne cocktail is enough to make any hotel have a gala week. Society was at its best this year at Aintree, because it was a fine day and gave the rouge a chance to stop on. Those who pull out of bed at dawn (usual hour 11.28), and out of Euston at 8.30, are not deserving of the captiousness of the critical—they 're just jolly good sorts, or sports, for discarding their "Ritzy" manners for the day.

I EXPECT that Miss Dorothy Paget will be so chased by the Press after her really popular win that I feel sure she will have to get up earlier than five o'clock in the afternoon for the next few weeks. Lord Queenborough escorted his daughter into the unsaddling enclosure after the race; perhaps he will also escort her on a round of the dressmakers in London, now that she has a few pounds to spend after her great win. The Duke of Westminster entertained a large party for Aintree at Eaton Hall; the Duchess of Marlborough backed the winner of the big race and is reported to be spending the proceeds on her dogs; Lord Queensberry, also in the ducal party, won so much that he could almost keep all the dogs in England.

THERE is no better host in the land than "Bendor" Westminster; he is as charming to jockeys and trainers as he is to the King of Greece or any member of his party. In his cottage in the Paddock at Aintree, where he has luncheon and refreshment, one saw "Steve" Donoghue and Michael Beary as happily drinking tea as Lord and Lady Dalkeith or Lord Beatty.

"PRETTY ones" seen at Aintree included Mrs. Charles Winn, Mrs. Claude Leigh, Lady Serena James, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, Lady Warrender and the Duchess of Westminster.

HEIFETZ, Yehudi Menuhin, or Kreisler? Which is the best? All three have been recently heard in London, and the other night, at the Queen's Hall, Heifetz played twenty-five minutes' worth of encores; his playing of the Strauss sonata and a Vieuxtemps concerto before them certainly deserved such applause. Noted in the audience violinist Lisa Minghetti, pianists Moiseiwitch and Harriet Cohen, tennis player "Bunny" Austin, politician Captain Victor Cazalet, composer Arnold Bax.

REFERRING again to the Easter recess, there was a fair exodus in the direction of Erin's Isle, led by the portly Viscount, Lord Castlerosse. He, of course, headed straight for Killarney; he does not bathe in the lake at Kenmare any more, owing to recent savage attacks on the natives by giant pike. Captain and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe went with him, also Mr. Jock Whitney. Sir James and Lady Dunn headed straight for the Boyne, where the salmon-fishing is at its best now that there is more water in the river. By the way, I hear that Gertrude Lady Dunn is now known in her intimate and family circle as Gardenia Lady Dunn. It rather reminds one of a similar change, as made by Maud Lady Cunard, to Emerald Lady Cunard. A picturesque transition in both cases. Captain and Mrs. Cunningham Reid went off to San Remo, where they stayed in Colonel Claude Beddington's villa. And as far as I can judge, the rest of the world went to Le Touquet, about which more next week.

MR. PEEPS

Mrs. Jimmy Harris, having lunch at Quaglino's, wore a Robin Hood hat that became her profile and her blonde curls very well indeed

Miss Jeanne Stuart was lunching at L'Apéritif when she was wearing this little black straw hat, tilted engagingly to the side of her attractive head

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Another L'Apéritif luncher was Mme. Provatoroff, with a turned-back hat and a taffeta bow at her neck. She was with Mr. Charles Birkin

Woman to Woman

PEOPLE come and go in London more at this time of the year than any other. Spring cruises are just about ending and everybody likes to get back in time to go away again for Easter. Lady Eyres-Monsell and her second daughter will be back from their trip to India by the time this goes to press. Sir George Abercromby returned last week from the Estoril, and has now flown off again to Scotland, where he spends most of his time, much to the disappointment of his friends in the south.

ANOTHER person expected from abroad after Easter is Mrs. Robert Dudley Ryder. She has been in Australia, among other places, and will have been away over a year by the time she eventually fetches up. What she won't know about tombs and tabernacles by the time she 's finished won't be worth knowing, as apparently she visited them all, from Khartoum to Cairo. Her daughter, Mrs. Clive Loehnis, went out to Gibraltar to join her husband, who is in the Navy, a few weeks ago, and has now gone on to Naples to meet her mother and travel home with her. We shall be very surprised if they don't stop in Paris on the way and buy a few clothes.

DÉBUTANTES are busy finding their feet and their clothes for the season, and are already having dances given for them every night. Quite one of the most attractive of this year's batch is Miss Averil Loyd, whose mother, Mrs. Ralph Stobart, is giving a dance for her later on, with Thelma Lady Furness as joint-hostess. There is a most enchanting Master Stobart who, it is feared, will not be at the dance as he is only about five years old, but he is to be seen returning from the Park in the mornings, wearing a bright royal blue coat and cap, which suit his ash-blondness to perfection.

TALKING of children, quite a lot of new ones have turned up lately. Mrs. George Pretyman has had a daughter very recently. She was Camilla Gurdon. Mrs. John Barran's son and heir is about a month old, but it seems doubtful as to whether he will be christened at present as there is a certain amount of difference of opinionas to what he shall be called.

TO revert to débutantes. Miss Pamela Blake had a very good coming-out dance given for her the other night by her mother, Lady Twysden. Both mother and daughter wore gold, the former plus tiara and the latter, whose dress was backless and probably not approved of as a result by the dowagers, had a green sash. We are told it was chosen by her stepfather and shows his excellent taste. It was very much a party of mixed ages, which made it such fun. Miss Patricia Corry was one of many ex-debs who looked as if she was enjoying herself a good deal. Lady Seafield and her husband danced together. They seem to prefer each other's company to anybody else's, which is as it should be. It 's a pity he 's not as thin as he was. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley were another young couple to be seen.

THE Savoy is the place to go and lunch, if for no other reason than to see what the more affluent of our City " gents " look like by the light of day. They flock there in twos and threes. The first person we noticed the other day was the " Sleeping Bart," standing in the entrance-hall reading his daily paper. Others had read theirs from cover to cover on the way to the office at an earlier hour. Not so Sir Robert, unless, of course, he had a midday racing special. Half an hour later he entered the restaurant with a companion (male), and later still they were joined by Lord Inverclyde. Mr. Eric Hatry (bald) and Mr. Hugo Brassey (blonde) were lunching together. Mr. Mickey Gold had his fiancée, Miss Elspeth Bailey, with him ; she was dressed in green, her hat being a halo-bonnet affair. Mr. " Dandy " Wallace and Major Pat Anderson, both as handsomely sinister as ever, were being very intense over their meal. Others noticed were Mr. Johnny Dewar, sitting in the window, hoping the sun would shine on him, which it did ; Sir John Child greeting friends, and Sir Harold Wernher obviously discussing business with another City magnate.

MRS. PEEPS

"Say, Mr. Top-Hat Whittington, D't

Elsie Randolph and Jack Buchan

JACK BUCHANAN in top-hat and tails is having a t the musical comedy at the Hippodrome. His smil kes his tap-dancing, dry humour, and cheerful fooling c te a grand partner; her dancing is as slick as anyone nd nicely. It 's over two years since these two were in ond *Sing*, which started its run in March 1931. Jack han then, *Yes, Mr. Brown* and *That's a Good* be

We Dance Well Together?"

as Hippodrome Partners

uccess as the modern Dick Whittington in him a great favourite with the girls, and his popularity. Elsie Randolph makes him her humour matches "Mr. Whittington's" on show; their last was *Stand up and* an has done a lot of film-work since ng two of his most popular efforts

Camera Studies by John Everard, Orange Street

From One Point to Another

Pytchley, Garth and Middleton

Mrs. Raphael, Miss Marjorie Leigh, and Miss J. Adamson, three of the Pytchley regulars, watching their friends ride the point-to-point course

Miss Rosemary Schweder and the Garrard twins were another trio at Great Brington, where the Pytchley meeting was held

Right: Earl Spencer and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy were also at the Pytchley point-to-point

Further north, at Whitwell, in Yorkshire, was the Middleton point-to-point, which was run the day before the National, and at which Lord and Lady Milton and Mrs. Gordon Foster were three spectators

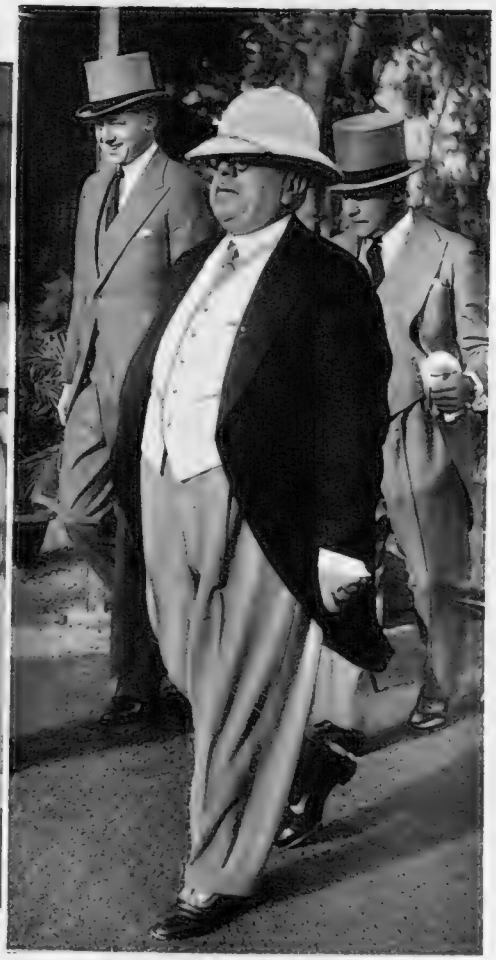
And further south, at the Garth meeting at Arborfield, Mr. Kenneth Urquhart rode but did not win. Mrs. Urquhart is helping him on with his coat after his race

ROUNDABOUT

Various People in Various Places

Miss Daphne Day and Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, the Countess of Cromartie's only daughter, on board the cargo-boat Destro, on which they have just set off from Liverpool for Persia, via Palestine and a cross-country journery on camels

Mrs. Richard Herbert and Mr. Basil Kennedy leaving the Speakeasy, Miss Betty Somerset's snack-bar in Bruton Street, after lunch. Mrs. Herbert is the sister of Lady Churston and Miss Joy du Pre, who has just got engaged; her companion is on the list for most "deb" dances



Weddings in the Isle of Wight and London

Mr. Jock Backhouse, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Miles Backhouse's son, and Miss Joan Woodroffe, daughter of Brig.-General C. R. Woodroffe, of North Wells, Bembridge, were married at Holy Trinity, Bembridge, Isle of Wight

Mr. John Clive Van den Bergh, elder son of Major and Mrs. Henry Van den Bergh, and Miss Avril Murray, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel T. D. Murray and Mrs. Murray, leaving the Savoy Chapel after their wedding

The Aga Khan, with his topee well down over his eyes, walking round at the garden-party given in Calcutta by Sir A. K. Ghuznavi for the Governor of Bengal

Old School Ties at Deal

The Great Halford-Hewitt Round-Up

By F. G. L. Fairlie

Below, left: T. A. Torrance and W. B. Torrance (Watsonians) and W. V. Wakefield (Reptonians). Right: W. Steel (Etonians) and R. J. Smith and G. W. E. Baker (Hurstjohnians). The final tie was played between the Watsonians, who reached it the first time they entered for the competition, and the Carthusians, who beat them and won the cup by four matches to one

H. H.—and Others

D. E. Greey (Malvernians), Cup-donor Halford-Hewitt, W. W. Lowe and L. C. Nunnerley (Malvernians) taking an easy

OWING to the proximity of Easter and its attendant holiday, these words must go to the printers before I have time to describe the final of the Halford-Hewitt Cup, but it matters little, if at all. No doubt most of those who read this page also read a daily paper, and are therefore in full possession of the facts: all that I can do is to describe one or two of the highlights, as, for instance, the excitement in the club-house when a ball propelled by a papist very nearly destroyed the new and lovely window in the new observation-room; or the adventure of the hungry competitor whose first drive found a final resting-place under one of the tables in the dining-room, having careered thither (What a word! That 's what Deal does to you!) via the front porch, the foot of the main staircase, and the ankle of the oldest competitor. There were, of course, some golf shots played as well.

LET us first consider the doings of the less mighty, for they have all too little of the limelight in view of their persistent refusal to be downhearted. Of the new boys, Watsonians, of course, achieved glory, and definitely established themselves as of the mighty. They did not quite materialise into the galaxy of international talent of which we had been warned, but they were full of Torrances, and others, if less famous, little inferior in golfing ability. They also proved themselves to be the right sort of side for Deal, and a definite acquisition to the tournament.

Other new boys who did well were the unionists from Beaumont. Indeed, had it not been for a little spot of trouble on the green in one vital match against Eastbourne, when one ball lay directly in front of the other (which is wrong), they might well have had the honour of losing to Charterhouse in the next round. But they also proved themselves to be good recruits, and, I dare think, persistent competitors for the future.

OF the older boys, but not almighties, Downside did a Gregorian (not without some excuse, for they were up against Charterhouse when they lost, and they remained in the competition until the Saturday morning); but the lads from the Forest covered themselves with honours, to the pleasure of their many friends. At the other end of the pole, Harrow (slightly less strong than usual) suffered a rather abrupt disruption, and Rugby failed to hold the Watsonians in a close and exciting game. At one moment Westminster, who have so frequently promised so well in the past, started to promise again, but Saturday saw Eton stop that. Wellington ploughed an unspectacular but effective furrow throughout Saturday, and tried conclusions with the Scots, refreshed by the addition of A. J. Peech.

I HAVE already described certain of the wonder shots played in the tournament. But there were others: there was a shot played by R. A. Howell in the top match for Eastbourne against the Charterhouse leaders. This was at the seventeenth, after Howell's partner had fluffed his tee-shot to a horrid place not very far from the tee. Howell had three major reasons why he should not have hit a good shot: the first was that the ball was sitting precariously balanced on a tuft of grass, the second was that it was well above any place where he could stand, and the third was in the fact that his left and right feet could not be established on anything like a level plane. Out came a wooden club, however (this was necessary: the other side were dormy), and the ball was hit quite perfectly to within a few feet of the green. It was certainly one of the best shots I have ever seen.

Another amazing stroke was played by A. J. Pollen. His partner temporarily went over to the enemy at the sixth hole, and placed him very nearly on the seashore to the right. Quite undisturbed, however, Pollen played a shot which wasn't on: he pitched the ball to within four yards of the hole, when forty would have earned praise from his confederate. That meant a win instead of a loss, and probably prevented the opponents going right away, for they were in the lead.

ON thinking over what I have seen of the golf, I am particularly struck by the standard of the putting. Seldom have I seen so many good putts holed and so few short ones missed. In fact, the short eighth has been rolled off in two an amazing number of times, not often from brilliant tee-shots, although J. H. Thompson very nearly ruined his week-end. What a place Deal would be at Halford-Hewitt time in which to do a one!

It is scarcely necessary to add that all has gone off as smoothly as possible: it always does for this meeting. Bernard Drew deserves the utmost credit for all that he does so cheerfully and so well, and the grateful thanks of all those who compete. No one could improve on his arrangements.

AND to Halford-Hewitt himself, as usual, must go the homage of every Old Boy. He has given us the best meeting in the year, and more pleasure than any other single person in the history of golf, except, perhaps, the genius (Dutch or Scottish) who first thought of our game. I think he realises how grateful we all are, but once again I want to thank him, secure in the knowledge that I am speaking for every single Old Boy, all of the reserves, and every trainer.

Deal! and some of the Cards

H. H. Harris's first impressions of Halford-Hewitt Competitors

S. R. Martyn about to hit that which he believes to be the ball, but which he found was not, for the Foresters

Major Vincent, for the Haileyburians, about to strike the ball in the opposite direction to that which he wanted it to go

J. Allen (Uppinghamians), with his shoes pinching his feet, started to play well too soon for his side

"Whiz" Morris and his trousers aged very considerably after nine holes for Reptonians. Here he is to be seen deftly putting a drive along the floor

The Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe was evidently given a cap for the Reptonians

Maj. Sir G. F. N. Palmer watching the close finishes

L. G. Shearing putting quite well for the Felstedians

Arthur Pollen puts one right on the ceiling for the Gregorians

Right: how you can miss short putts, by Dr. W. McCullum (Watsonians) and J. Boyce (Haileyburians)

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

"It's a way they have in the Navy"

Midshipmen indulge in deck-hockey on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. Renown during a break in the recent combined Fleet Manœuvres in the Atlantic. A giant 15-inch gun looms above

THE newspapers have rather ridden the word "dramatic" to death, and I shrink from using it to describe a sporting event. Still, as a friend of mine said to me the other day, one of the really dramatic moments in cricket history will come this year when Larwood bowls his first over to Bradman. If he does bowl it, that is to say, though I hear that the odds on his recovery from the injury to his foot are now considerable. Whether he will have that extra yard of pace which made him such a terror in Australia remains to be seen—at Nottingham they are very optimistic; but supposing he is the demon Larwood again, imagine the tension round the ground when Bradman faces him. Will he switch over to leg-theory? And if he does, what will Bradman do? And, more important still, what will Captain Woodfull do?

BUT my friend maintained that the M.C.C. would see to it that such a crisis would never arise. Would they be wise to avoid possible trouble, or would it be better, as I sometimes feel, to bring all this strain and stress of international rivalry to a head by letting Jardine and Larwood loose and not only risking but precipitating a crisis?

IT is all very well to say that cricket is a game founded on good-fellowship, but that is precisely the point. Good-fellowship has been squeezed out by Test Match tension, and if something happened to call a halt to the race for supremacy it

Right: E. F. A. Royds (Cambridge), R. Pullbrook (Oxford), A. H. S. Reid (Cambridge), and R. C. Riseley (Oxford), who met in the Inter-'Varsity Rackets contest. Oxford won the doubles by four games to nil

Another Oxford Victory

might be all to the good. We need to simmer down a bit if we are really to enjoy cricket again.

I AM feeling reasonably well pleased with myself at the moment, for the only two Amateur Boxing Championship winners I tipped in these exclusive columns — H. P. Floyd and P. Palmer — came home rather against the odds. Floyd had the satisfaction of knocking out O'Grady, who knocked him out last year, and thus winning back the heavyweight title which he held in 1929. He always has been a clever boxer, this Floyd, but moments of apathy have robbed him of triumphs in the past. As for Palmer, he proved himself to be one of the cleverest fly-weights we have had for some time, and he was a winner all along the line.

AND what about Jack Doyle, who crushed the unfortunate Borrington in a grand-stand come-back? Doyle was wild, certainly, but that right-hand punch which put Borrington on the canvas was indubitably a smasher. I still feel that Doyle has the real stuff of a

(Continued on page ii)

A Typical Jump in the Garth Country

Taking the second fence in the Nomination Race, won by Mr. R. Glanville's Irak, at the Garth Hunt point-to-point races at the Remount Depot, Arborfield

After King Salmon

Lady Charles Cavendish and Mr. Makins salmon-fishing in Ireland on the Duke of Devonshire's fishery at Careysville, near Fermoy

Below: the Hon. Mary Ward leading in Billy Button, ridden by her sister, the Hon. Helen Ward, after winning the East Down Harriers point-to-point race at Bright, Co. Down

Foiled!

Miss M. Angus, the winner of the women's Civil Service Fencing Championships, which took place at Montagu House

R. Chapman (Westminsters), R. E. Butterworth (Harrovians), W. L. Hartley (Westminsters), R. H. Oppenheimer (Harrovians)

Dr. H. Gardiner-Hill (Westminsters) and Major Guy Bennett (Harrovians). The Westminsters won 3—2

Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon (Harrovians) and Major W. H. Callander (Harrovians)

E. J. Pye-Smith, Capt. C. D. Robertson and Col. D. P. Dickinson, all three playing for Cheltonians, and Capt. G. E. Hawkins (Wykehamists)

The Halford-Hewitt Cup at Deal

Right Centre: D. Fish (Chigwellians) and D. P. Thres (Cranleighans)

Right: Major C. W. Wallace (Wykehamist), and the Hon. Michael Scott (Wykehamist)

D. Turner and E. W. Cox (Chigwellians) watching a drive off the second tee

Left to Right: the Hon. T. W. Coke and R. H. Cobbold (Etonians), and B. R. Lintott and R. C. Petherbridge (Hurstjohnians) taking an easy at the first tee. Eton won the match

J. A. Board (Wellingtonians). A. J. Evans and Capt. G. E. Hawkins (Wykehamists)

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Science of Scrummaging

If you were one of that enormous crowd watching the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham, I dare say you will resent any criticism of mine. You will tell me that it was great fun to watch, as, indeed, it was, and that nothing else matters.

This brings me at once to a somewhat startling theory put forward by an observant friend of mine. "Why," he asked me the other day, "is the standard of modern Rugby football so low?" This was a rhetorical question, and before I had time to give my considered views, he continued: "Because, my lad, so many women watch the big matches at Twickenham."

That, you will agree, was a little unexpected; even, you may argue, a little discourteous. But my friend went on to explain that, in his view, since the very existence of Rugby football, much though he regretted it, depended upon gate-money, the development of the game depended upon the wishes of spectators. And, since spectators nowadays consist of as many women as men, the argument is that Rugby football is played before crowds which are largely ignorant of the finer points of the game. I would not myself be so bold as to ascribe this ignorance entirely to female spectators, but it is true enough, I think, that the modern crowd would be bored by prolonged bouts of close scrummaging, and it may be that this is one of the reasons why real scrummaging is a thing of the past.

Cast your mind back, for instance, to the Calcutta Cup match. The Scottish forwards, I grant you, were magnificent in the loose and the line-out—what a grand player that Beattie is, and how effective Waters was, out of touch particularly. Still, will you maintain that the scrummaging was up to standard, or are you one of those who blame the wretched half-backs?

To my mind, the scrummaging was lamentable. Cottington hooked well for Scotland in the first half, and England looked more like a pack in the second half, but where were the true arts of forward play, and how often did the ball come fast and cleanly from the tight scrums?

The truth is, as I see it, that the heeling was slow and slovenly, and neither Gadney nor Logan had the chance to send their stand-off halves swiftly away. Both Slow and Cotter have been blamed for failing to draw their men before they passed, but the defence and the ball reached them simultaneously, and they either had to pass at once or not at all. The game, therefore, resolved itself into a test of opportunism, and it moved quickly and was exciting to watch because players like Lind and Gerrard were quick to seize their chances.

I must admit that I am almost afraid to write of this scrummaging problem again, and yet I have been urged to keep hammering away at it, since Rugby football will only come into its own again when forwards take charge of the game. There are plenty of fine backs about, but they are being wasted by shocking bad scrummaging of every kind.

Was there a single effective wheel in the Calcutta Cup match? There was not. Was there any evidence that the forwards were working to any deliberate plan? There was not. The modern forward heels whenever he hooks the ball, and believes that his real job begins when the scrummage has broken up. It really is most tantalising, this failure to see that good Rugby football is based upon the forward game. The rot set in when the four three-quarter system originated in Wales: it developed when the open tactics of Adrian Stoop and his Harlequins were copied by all and sundry, some twenty-five years ago.

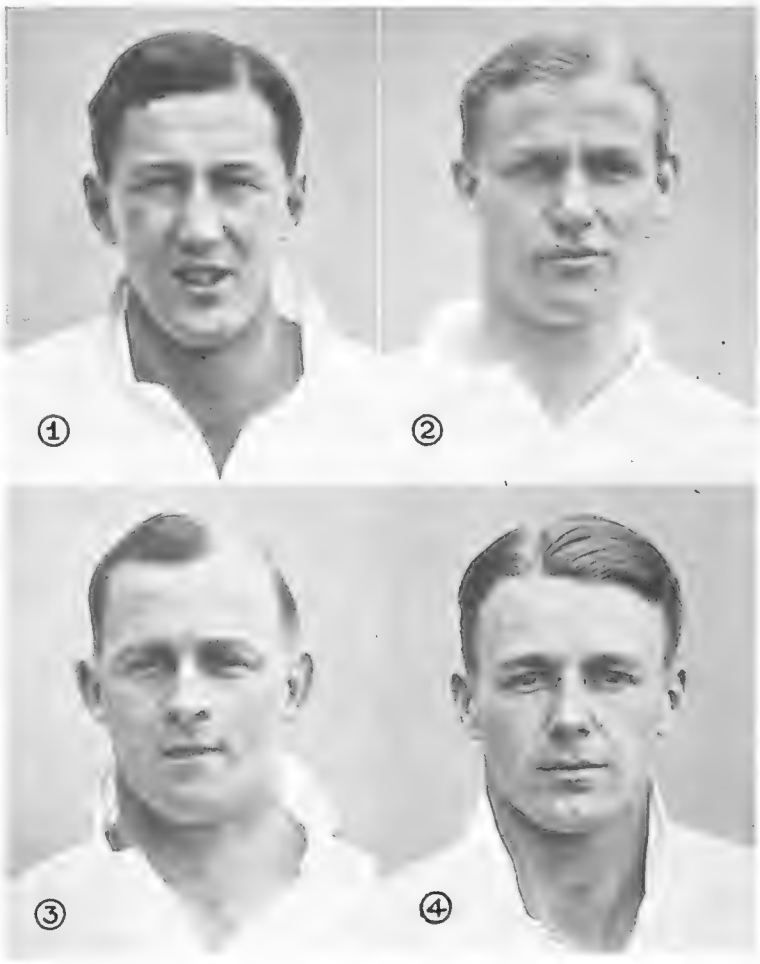
Unfortunately, those who copied the Harlequin tactics did not grasp one fundamental principle: they did not realise that the success of the Harlequins was based upon the fact that the Harlequin forwards only heeled when there was a chance of getting home with open attack. Otherwise, as Adrian Stoop will tell you to-day, they kept the ball, and shoved straight or wheeled, waiting until the defence had been drawn out of position before they heeled suddenly.

The fact is that intelligent scrummaging can dictate the run of play, and that the sooner we return to this basic principle of Rugby football the better it will be for the game. The galling thing is that the Universities have a great opportunity of driving this fact home, but at present they do not seem to grasp its importance. It is tolerably certain that the Oxford and Cambridge captains will find five reasonably solid forwards, and then will complete their packs with three of the loafing gentlemen whose advent was prophesied by R. G. McMillan, that great Scottish player, as long ago as 1894.

This is particularly tragic, for both Universities will have exceptionally promising back divisions next winter. If only one of them—and it doesn't matter whether Oxford or Cambridge take the lead—would concentrate on honest-to-goodness old-fashioned scrummaging, they would sweep the board of all their opponents throughout the season, and teach the clubs of the country a lesson which could not possibly be overlooked.

After all, players at Oxford and Cambridge have exceptional facilities for training and practice: it would be perfectly easy to find at Oxford, let us say, eight genuine scrummaging forwards, and coach them in the elementary arts of forward play. Teach them to bind and shove and wheel; teach them to dribble and fall and tackle, and they would vindicate the boast of C. Reid, another great Scotsman, who said—I quote from memory—"Give me eight real forwards, and I don't care how many backs you have—we could go through them."

What I cannot understand is how the modern forward can allow himself to be used as an instrument for pandering to the vanity of players behind the scrummage. It is simply a matter of the forward's pride in his job: let him realise that he is the backbone of the game, and we shall have no more of this flibberty-gibberty chuck-and-chance-it stuff behind the scrummage. We shall, moreover, find ourselves playing real Rugby football again.



English Stalwarts

Four of the team who helped materially to win the triple crown and retrieve the Calcutta Cup from Scotland. (1) B. C. Gadney (Captain and scrum-half); (2) P. Cranmer (three-quarter); (3) R. A. Gerrard (three-quarter); and (4) G. W. C. Meikle (three-quarter), aided and abetted by a solid English pack

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

A Humanist at War: By A. G. Macdonell

A book about the Western Front that is entirely different from all other war-books! Who would have thought it possible after so many hundreds of them? But Dr. Philip Gosse has achieved it in *Memoirs of a Camp-Follower* (Longmans; 10*s.* 6*d.*). Dr. Gosse is a doctor by profession and a naturalist at heart, and when he found himself faced with a life that consisted of one hour's horror and twenty-three hours' boredom every day, he decided to try to forget the former and pass the latter by pursuing his natural history studies. He wrote to the British Museum, offering to send them specimens of "Flemish mammals," and the Museum accepted his offer with enthusiasm, and from then onwards he crept about in Flanders ditches hunting for field-voles and rare rats and mice. But Dr. Gosse was not an indiscriminate small-game hunter. He never killed unless his field-glasses assured him that the quarry was a rare specimen, or unless he was specifically invited to rid a trench or a dug-out of a pest.

Then there were the birds. Dr. Gosse recalls the names of villages and towns, not by their association with terrific battles or fearful slaughters, but by association with the birds he saw in them. A château in the coal-mining area, for instance, is memorable for black-cap warblers and a pair of spotted fly-catchers; another field-hospital is vivid in his mind because it was there that he lay in an open-air bed under a big tree and listened to the wonderful song of an icterine warbler. In one part of the front line there was a tortoise-shell cat, called "The Landlady," that used to wash herself on the parapet "in full view of two vast contending armies, each armed to the teeth with every device invented by civilised man to destroy life and limb," and then go mousing in No Man's Land. In the hideous wreckage of Fricourt, on the Somme, Dr. Gosse found a pair of swallows nesting in a vault and hatching-out a brood under incessant fire. After several years of this natural history under difficulties, the news filtered back to the High Heads that a certain M.O. was an expert in rats, and Captain Gosse was appointed Rat Officer to the 2nd Army. In this capacity he drew up reports on rat-extermination which were at once turned down; he proposed to consult with the French and was forbidden to do so; he was steadily insulted by almost all the professional soldiers he met; but gradually his lectures on rat-catching became famous and other armies established rat-schools.

Memoirs of a Camp-Follower is a book about a horrible war written by a humanist. His task was not to destroy, but to succour both friend and enemy impartially, and Dr. Gosse has written a story of the triumph of the human spirit over terror and cruelty and suffering.

No writer of detective novels henceforward can possibly afford to be without *Science and the Police Officer* (*The Police Chronicle*; 5*s.*), for it consists of the first really authoritative manual in the English language on this subject. The author, Mr. H. T. F. Rhodes, has recently been lecturing to the detectives of the Irish Free State, and this book is a reprint of the lectures. Apparently the modern detective, in order to be fully qualified, has to possess enough technical knowledge to enable him to occupy about ten professorships at the same time. He ought to be an expert in chemistry, photography, microscopy, ultra-violet rays, finger-prints, handwriting, poisons, and criminal psychology. Mr. Rhodes emphasises the importance of the microscope and the camera, and when the two are combined, the most deadly weapon is produced for the defence of society. But

A drawing of Dr. Philip Gosse made by his sister. He is the author of "A History of Piracy" and "Memoirs of a Camp-Follower," his latest book, reviewed on this page

although this book is a mass of up-to-date detail about scientific detection, one cannot help remarking that Conan Doyle, when he created Sherlock Holmes, was about fifty years ahead of his time. Although Mr. Rhodes does not say so, it is perfectly obvious that the nearer the modern detective approaches to the scientific methods of the great Sherlock, the more successful he will be.

The late Mr. Justice McCardie was not only one of the most successful barristers of his day, not only a wise and humane Judge, but also a passionate preacher of social reform. His life has now been written by Mr. George Pollock (John Lane; 15*s.*). Refusing to take silk, McCardie, as a junior, had by far the biggest practice of his contemporaries, and his clients were very frequently drawn from the upper ranks of *Who's Who*. He became famous, in fact, as a "Society" barrister. And not only that. He got almost a monopoly of theatrical law-suits, and for many years was briefed regularly to appear for stage celebrities. But it was as a Judge that he began to acquire fame outside the legal profession, by his startling remarks, often almost sermons, from the Bench. He frequently condemned the divorce laws; he attacked vigorously the office of King's Proctor; he advocated the abolition of the law of breach of promise, and he emphatically avowed his agreement with the action of General Dyer in the Amritsar shooting. Probably his most famous case was the trial, in 1917, of Lieutenant Douglas Malcolm for the murder of the self-styled Count de Borch. It was the famous case in which Sir John Simon made one of the most brilliant defences in the annals of the British criminal law. Mr. Justice McCardie was a great man, and his untimely death last year was a terrible shock to all who admire courage and humanity. Mr. Pollock has done his work fairly well, but the standard of legal biography has been set so high by the late Mr. Marjoribanks that this book is rather thinner than it might have been.

I confess I had hoped that the modern school of detective-writers, with its impassive, efficient men from the Yard, with its subtle clues, its interlocking alibis, and its sensational dénouements, had killed, once and for all, the young hero who suppresses a vital clue because he wants to "see if he can work it out for himself." But no; these bright sparks are still with us, and in *That's Your Man, Inspector* (Longmans; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. David Frome presents us with a singularly irritating specimen of this type. Master Jerry Drake, after a remarkable series of coincidences, practically attends a brutal murder and gets the critical clue, a key. Does he report the murder to the gendarmerie? Does he hand over the key? Not he. He becomes an accessory after the fact, and suppresses everything. As a direct result of this criminal folly, two more people are murdered, and yet no one dreams of making any sort of charge against him for aiding and abetting, or for hindering police officers in the execution of their duty, or being found at night on other people's premises.

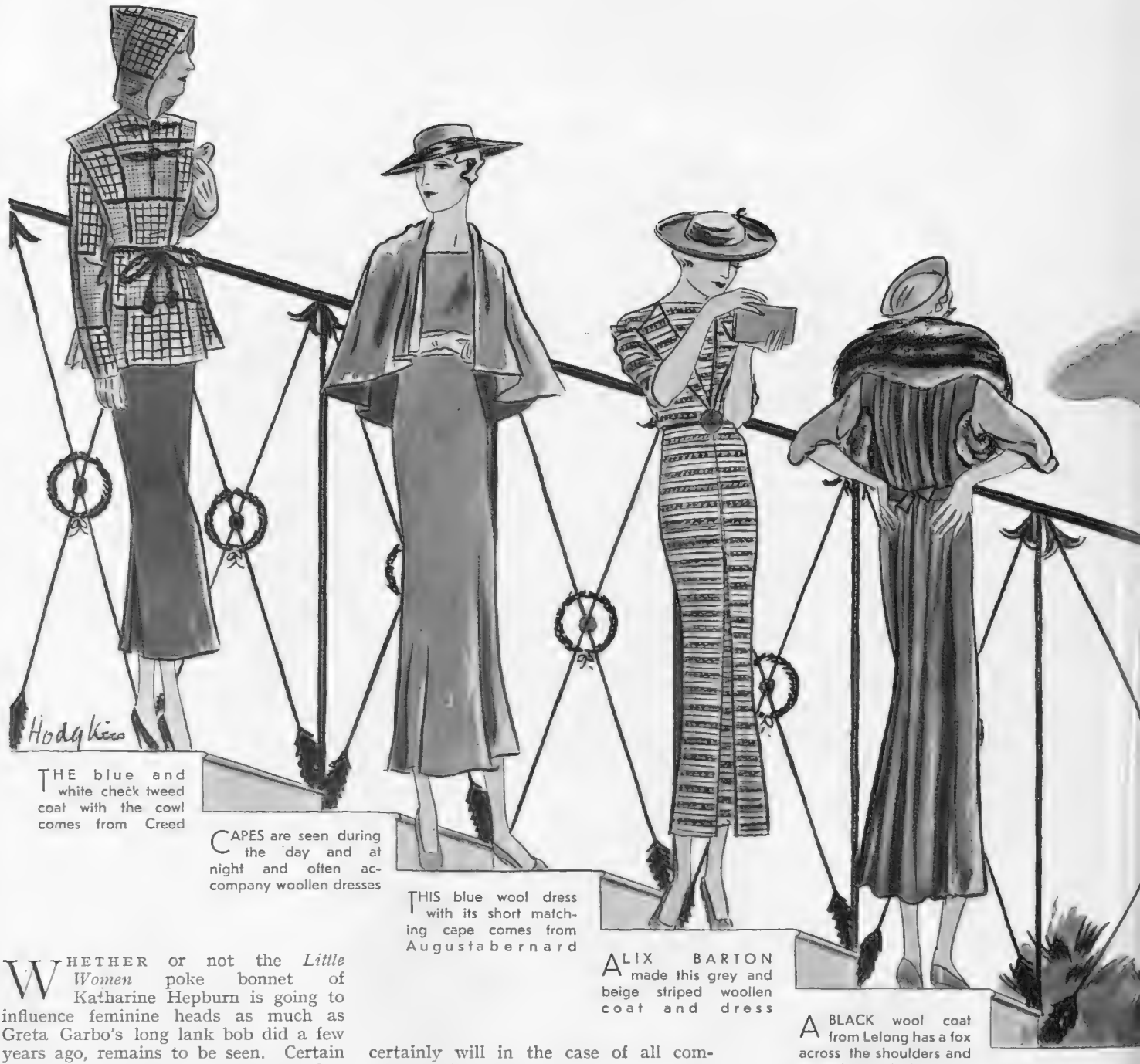
And not only does this preposterous youth jam up the works, but he is assisted by a girl "with clear, steady young eyes—limpid pools where violets blow, Jerry thought." Of course, if he could think that sort of thing, he was capable of pretty nearly any folly. Mr. Frome is much happier when he is dabbling among what used to be called "the Lower Orders," and some of his scenes, when one has got over Master Jerry and Miss Kitty, are really exciting, and the climax is an excellently contrived piece of surprise.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Dorvyne

MAINBOCHER designed this evening gown of black with its white organdie fichu and huge bow, and Fortnum and Mason have it



THE blue and white check tweed coat with the cowl comes from Creed

CAPES are seen during the day and at night and often accompany woollen dresses

THIS blue wool dress with its short matching cape comes from Augustabernard

ALIX BARTON made this grey and beige striped woollen coat and dress

A BLACK wool coat from Lelong has a fox across the shoulders and twisted round the arms

WHETHER or not the *Little Women* poke bonnet of Katharine Hepburn is going to influence feminine heads as much as Greta Garbo's long lank bob did a few years ago, remains to be seen. Certain it is that Schiaparelli has suggested a straw bonnet with a brim in the front only and gauffered! and that Agnès has made the most enchanting Salvation Army bonnet which immediately recalls Edna May to mind and is carried out in black straw and taffeta. The straw makes a brim which frames the face exactly as does a Salvation lassie's bonnet and it has a crown composed of two bands of black taffeta which part in order to reveal the hair and tie in a bow on top of the head. An enchanting hat, Marshalls have it and I 'll try and get the photograph of it out next week.

Have you seen the new cigarette and vanity case combined? It 's flat and smooth, in black and white enamel and very smart. Also those super-vanity cases which are about 4 in. by 6 in. big and have room for your handkerchief, your money (within reason) and your latchkey; they are intended to replace cloth or leather bags and certainly will in the case of all competent gold-diggers.

Bags have been evolved out of many strange materials, we have all got used to wooden ones but now Debenhams are showing some made of cork. Some have flaps of patent leather, bright red or green and they look very smart and sporting.

Patent leather has also undertaken another client in the fashion field and Harrods are showing a range of those patent leather hats which Marcel Rochas launched this spring, either large sailors with shallow crowns and flat brims or smaller ones with deeper crowns and upturned brims. They 're in several colours, inexpensive and bad for the umbrella trade.

If you long to pluck spring flowers and wear them but are too lazy to go out and anyway you know they die in a moment, go to Marjorie Castle's where a number of her new costumes are trimmed with the most ingénue bunches of wild flowers. A short white piqué coat with a basque flared in front only and tailored revers had a bunch of field poppies, daisies and cornflowers tucked into its V; a navy blue and white crêpe dress had white marguerites at the throat and a blue taffeta evening cape had the sweetest little cluster of pinky-mauve primulas at the throat. She also has excellent white linen coats, just what one always wants in the summer and can never find or if one finds them they cost far more than their very transitory reign is worth. Hers are only two or three guineas.

To revert to flowers—one of the prettiest floral fashions ever invented is that of wearing a diadem of real flowers on the head which Stiebel showed in his spring collection a week or so ago.

Just as we go to press Harrods have sent me some of their "Broadsides" for boys and girls. These are folders

Some steps towards chic

A BROWN cardigan suit with stitched revers comes from Peter Robinson's sports department

A NAVY blue suit with smart white revers and a buttonhole comes from Peter Robinson

SAILOR hats of straw either with turned up or flat brims are almost universal this spring

A DIRTY pink woollen dress from Peter Robinson has interesting tucks around the armholes

which deal competently and thoroughly with all the clothes and myriad details required by the children both at school and during the holidays. They 'd be a real boon to out-of-town mothers and you could plan your budget quietly at home and not become flustered with a mass of figures mounting alarmingly in one department after another. A postcard will bring them to you.—M. G.

Music (and all That): Mainly About Conductors

By "Melos"

WHAT is the test of a good conductor? I imagine the conventional answer would be given, not incorrectly, as an ability to secure a good performance. But there is a surer way than this of getting at the rock-bottom truth—*ask the orchestra*. If you do not know personally any of those blithe, mercurial beings, orchestral players, watch them carefully, at the next symphony concert, when the conductor puts down his baton and receives the applause of the audience. At such moments I have seen emotions chase each other across the face of an oboeist or a trombone-player like the sunshine and showers of an April day. I have also seen an orchestra resemble a collection of poker-players.

There has, however, seldom been such a demonstration on the part of an orchestra as that given by the London Philharmonic Orchestra to M. Pierre Monteux the other night after the "Phil" concert of French music. (This, by the way, was rather poorly attended, though there were at least four times as many people present as there would have been for a concert of British music in Paris.)

Now there are greater conductors than M. Monteux, whom I am not putting forward as another Richter or Nikisch or Toscanini. But he has that important quality, which orchestras naturally relish, of preserving a definite and decisive beat, without any embellishments. It is a mistake to suppose that conducting an orchestra is merely a matter of frills and thrills.

Although this Frenchman is not a mere time-beater—he has plenty of dramatic force and gets into the very soul (what there is of it) of his French programmes—he realises that the conductor's chief job is to get his men to give a performance, to help them to give it, and not to give a performance on his own account. He obviously knew every bar of the Berlioz overture, the Debussy Nocturnes and Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" music.

This last is ticklish stuff, with its constant changing of time-signatures; the enthusiasm from the players after it was over was probably due, in part, to the fact that a few weeks previously they had been rather timidly guided through its mazes on this same platform. "Daphnis et Chloe" is not a work in which the man in charge should, like the Duke of Plaza-Toro, lead his regiment from behind.

TALKING of French music, the opera in Paris does not, of course, rival in quality our Covent Garden seasons; but there is more of it, and it by no means deserves the sneers it so frequently receives. I have just seen a couple of performances at the Paris Opera—*Don Giovanni* and *Chevalier à la Rose* (which we, and its composer, know as *Der Rosenkavalier*). The first impression, after an absence of a couple of years from that flamboyantly Second Empire building, was wonder that anyone in Paris should go to the opera at all. The stalls are expensive and excruciatingly uncomfortable; only jockeys could fit in their knees with any ease, and jockeys are not noted for their love of opera. The auditorium is overheated and every particle of fresh air excluded. Vulpine old women hover and extort stray francs for quite imaginary services. One's neighbours talk, eat, rustle papers and snap handbags whenever the music is *piano*; indeed, they appear to choose such moments for intensive noise.

Yet the performances are, vocally, on a very high level, as distinct from the orchestra, which is large but lethargic. I have never heard a better Baron Ochs in *Rosenkavalier* than M. Huberty, who has all the comedy of our familiar Herr Richard Mayr and is a far finer singer. This opera, by the way, was played without "cuts" and with the inclusion of those portions of the libretto which are considered likely to shock the susceptibilities of the timid and virginal souls who patronise Covent Garden.

Sir Thomas—by his nephew, Mr. Hilary Duke-Woolley

A very life-like impression of the famous conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, shown in a characteristic attitude, coaxing a little more volume from the "brass," whilst the baton keeps the tempo for the strings and wood-winds

WELCOME to Sir Hamilton Harty on his return from America. He is a live, sympathetic conductor, and at the L.S.O. concert secured the best performance of some Elgar, including the "Enigma" variations, I have heard for years. The necessary Berlioz was introduced in the form of the *Hamlet* funeral march, played as a tribute to Elgar, the whole audience standing. The L.S.O. strings are better than they have been, though there is still room for improvement.

The Brahms Symphony in C minor followed. Sir Hamilton is not at his best with Brahms; he gives me the impression of deliberately sentimentalising him because he does not quite understand him. Of course, this may be a wrong impression, but it is a very definite one.

THE birthday of the present Shah of Persia resulted in the digging-up, by more than one contemporary, of the story of a visit of the famous Shah to London in the 'seventies, when his Majesty was taken to a concert and, arriving in good time, asked for "the first piece" to be played over again—meaning the tuning-up of the orchestra.

HERMAN FINCK tells a better story than this of his father, who, years ago, ran a small dance-band. They were at the house of a self-made millionaire who, just before the dancing began, came up to them in a rage and said: "What's that b——y row you're making?" "We are tuning our instruments," replied Finck Senr. "Tuning? I engaged you three weeks ago and you're tuning *now*?"

The "night-cap"

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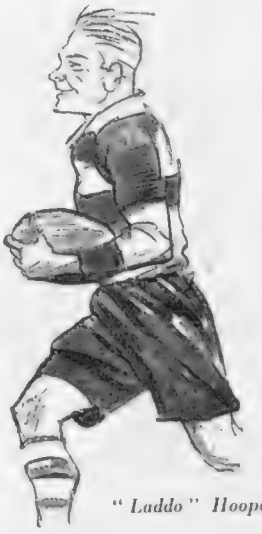
"Tarty" Rowley

Jimmy Giles

"Turt" Turtington, stand-off half



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Billy Lole, the Captain, full-back

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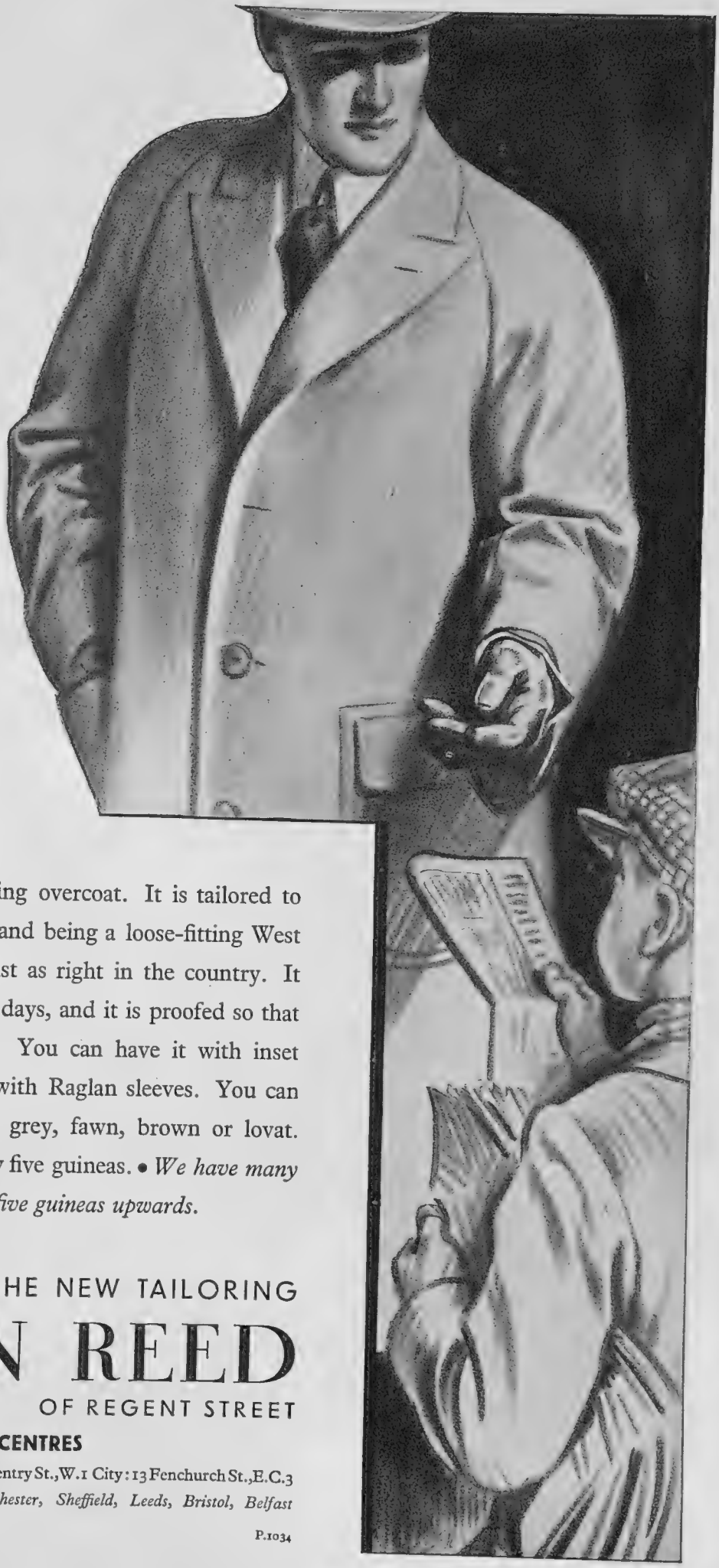

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P.1034

The Modern Cult of Streamlining

By The Earl of Cardigan

On Novel Lines

The new and extremely original Chrysler "Heston" air-flow eight, the body being designed to diminish wind-resistance. At speed in this car, it is claimed, the raindrops flow upwards!

As applied to vehicles, the whole question of streamlining is one which has only recently come to the fore. The sceptic may perhaps describe it as the latest engineering "fad." There is good reason, however, for the increasing interest in such matters. The cruising speed—of motor-vehicles, at any rate—is continually tending to go up; with greater speed we encounter greater wind-resistance, and hence, naturally enough, we find problems arising which formerly were either non-existent or too trivial for serious notice.

Moreover, as most people are aware, the increase in wind-resistance takes place not merely in simple proportion to the increase in speed. That is to say, the wind-resistance encountered by a car travelling at 60 m.p.h. is not merely twice as great as that encountered by the same car at 30 m.p.h. It is many times greater. It is for this reason that, when record speeds of several hundred m.p.h. are attempted, scientists are able to astonish us by calculating that several hundred horse-power units must inevitably be absorbed in overcoming the immense resistance which the air will offer to the passage of the record-breaking car.

To take an even more extreme case of wind-resistance, it was calculated that, when the Germans were shelling Paris from long range during the Great War, their shells actually travelled slower, and not faster, as they fell towards the city. Such shells, falling from a great height, were encountering denser air as they descended. The resistance of this denser air substantially slowed up the rate of descent!

All this, of course, is a little remote from the wind-resistance problems which confront the ordinary motorist. My point is, however, that, with continually improved main roads and faster cars, the time is approaching when we must begin to treat the air's resistance as a matter of practical, and not merely theoretical, importance.

Unfortunately, the motor-car, as we know it to-day, is a vehicle which cannot readily be built in an efficient streamline form. It is well-known that, in order to make any solid body slip easily through the air, it is the shape of the tail-end of that body which has to be most carefully studied. In other words, a blunt nose does relatively little harm, whereas a blunt or ill-designed tail makes smooth progress an impossibility. It is permissible—in fact, inevitable—to disturb the air in front, but it is fatal to allow eddies, and perhaps a partial vacuum, to form behind.

Now, it is perfectly obvious that if the tail of any vehicle is to be occupied by passengers, the designer will, from the start, be badly handicapped in his attempt to mould it into a good streamline shape. The motorist, at the present time, almost invariably requires passenger accommodation in or near the extreme tail of his car. The result is that all motor streamlining must take the form of a rather unsatisfactory compromise.

As I see it, the most that the streamlining expert can do with the existing type of car is to smooth out irregularities along the sides. There is a certain amount of scope for streamlining underneath, although possibly only at the expense of accessibility. Not much can be done with the upper surface of the car without cutting down the windscreen to unpleasantly small dimensions. Little can be done effectively behind, unless the rear passengers are to be stinted of reasonable head-room.

Of course, there are cars of quite orthodox type with which a good deal of streamlining success has been achieved. The designers of such cars are to be congratulated; but, on the other hand, one cannot help regretting the structural difficulties which have prevented, and must inevitably prevent, a full measure of success being attained.

I have several times ventured to predict the eventual adoption of a rear-engined design for motor-cars, and the increasing use of semi-streamline forms of coach-work is, I suggest, a strong indication in support of this prediction.

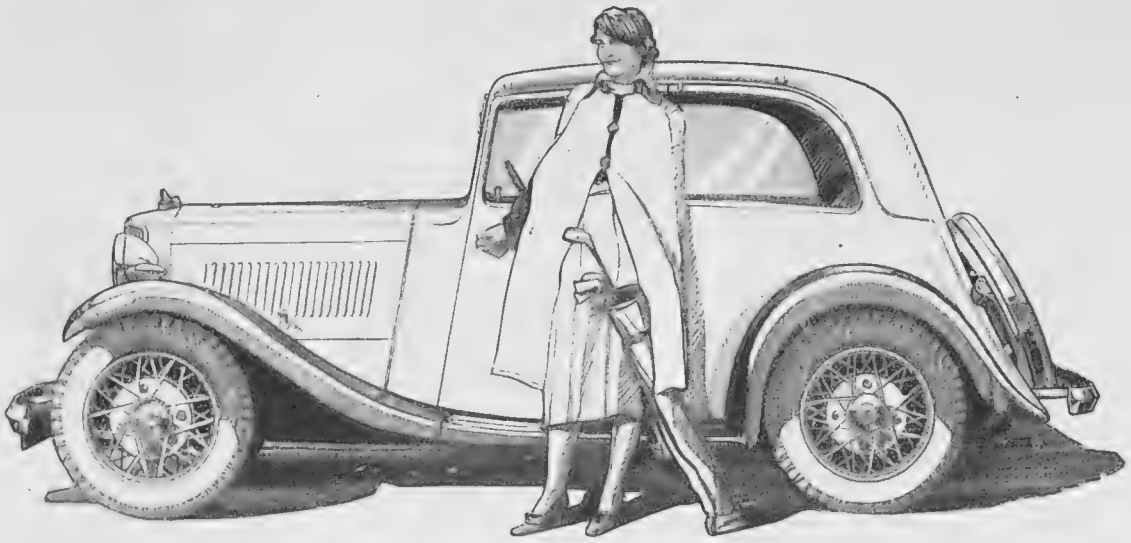
I am, I confess, no great admirer of the "lines" which have been achieved in the case of the few rear-engined cars which have so far been built. Designers of such cars have generally seemed to "lose their nerve" when faced with the opportunity for abolishing the conventional long bonnet. They have usually compromised by fitting some sort of frontal projection which is an "apology" for a bonnet, and which offends the eye.

This is a pity, since the rear-engined car is unique in the almost complete freedom which it gives for the designer to develop his streamlining notions. The truth is that uncertainty exists as to how the motorist likes sitting right forward in a saloon body.

It will be interesting to see how popular opinion develops. Already the low-built, semi-streamlined sports saloon has been accepted as one of the popular car types for 1934. No longer is such a car classed as "freakish" or "futuristic." The tapering tail is approved, and the long bonnet considered of less paramount importance. How long will it be before such tendencies begin to work together to their logical conclusion?

"Aero-Dynamics"

Another car, the Riley "Kestrel," which the makers claim to be the first British aero-lined car in regular production. "Kestrel" sales are going up, not only in England, but also in America. Slowly but surely the shape of the motor-car is undergoing a radical change. It may change further yet



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Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

THE Committee election being held upstairs in the Committee-room, because it was "ticket" day and the settling-room was not available, made quite a stir; it seems that the Committee-room has not been put to this use within living memory. Many a member had not been within those august walls since he went through his oral exam. on becoming a blue button or being promoted to deal. And any members who had ever been "taken upstairs" for some crime or other, would hardly have been in the mood to look round the room and admire the portraits of former Chairmen. Curiously enough, the names of the painters of these portraits is not given.

WHEN the Stock Exchange does anything, it is sure to be done well. The Committee-room was transformed into a regular polling-booth, with wood partitions to ensure the strict secrecy of the ballot, and pencils were supplied. A wonderful system of one-way traffic had been devised, and all the way up to the first floor were large notices, saying "To the Ballot," so that no one could possibly get lost. Every voter's name was scratched off by two officials, with two separate lists, as he received his voting-paper. After the results were posted (Walter Morison having been elected to the only vacancy, and all the previous members having been re-elected), it was declared that there was a much smaller percentage of spoilt papers than usual. The new system of putting a cross against the names of candidates the voter approved of, instead of crossing out the names he didn't like, had reduced the number of spoilt papers to eleven out of the two thousand-odd in the ballot-boxes.

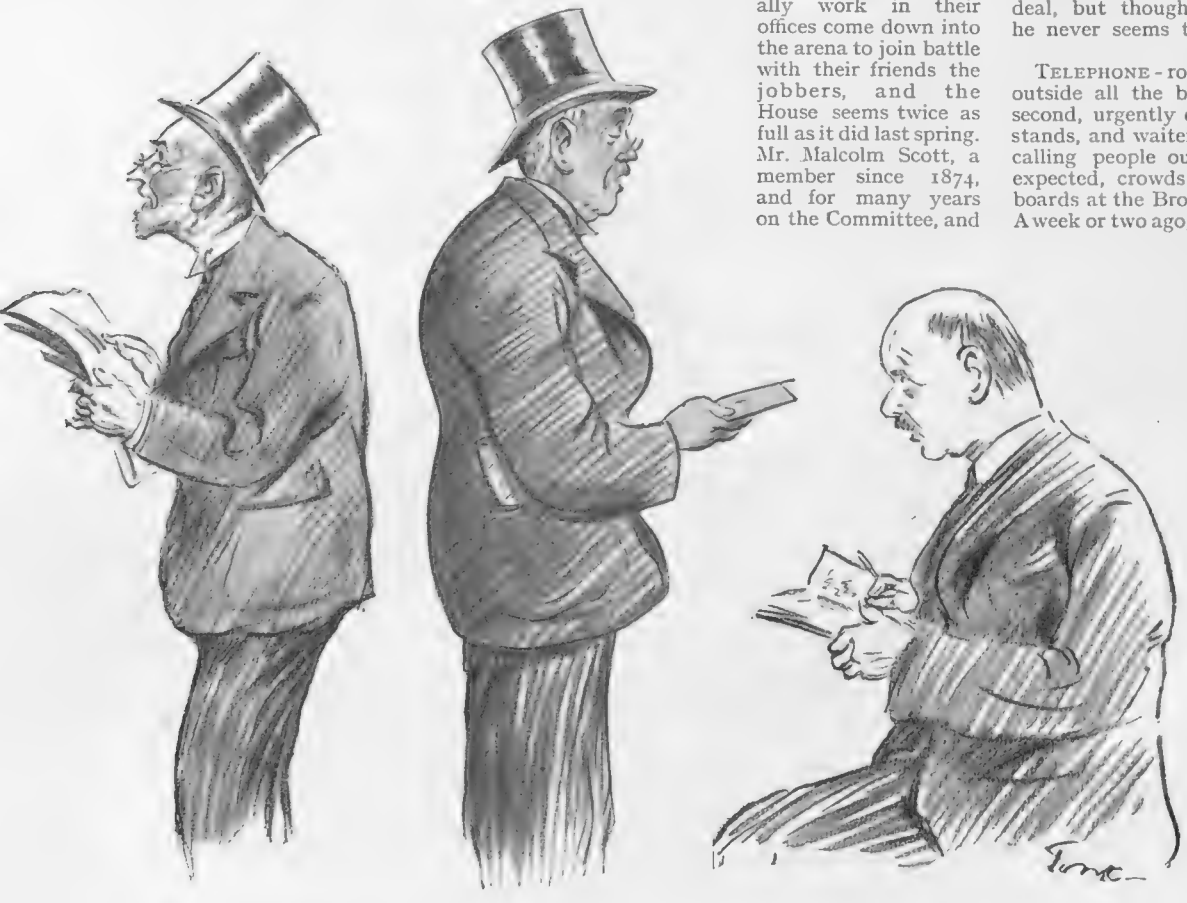
AND now follow a few comments on what we see and don't see in the House these busy days; the gay activity of this spring has been so different from the dreariness of the weeks this time last year, when no one had any work to do and spasmodic bursts of ragging were all that could hasten the slow hours on their sluggish way. We haven't seen a single piece of organised foolery since the New Year; even Guy Puckle and Brian Gibbs have had no time to use their umbrellas, except as walking-sticks. We haven't heard any of the usual choruses, either, not even a verse of "The Chocolate Soldier" sung to the wearer of a brown suit.

EVERYWHERE we look members are hurrying about in a determined way, stirring up the dust which is always noticeably worse on busy days. Not that everyone moves more quickly when business is active; the Chairman, for instance, always goes through the House at the same pace, whatever is happening. His walk is as characteristic of him as his rather questioning attitude when he stops to talk to anyone. Lord Glendyne is another member whom no rush of business seems to disturb or confuse. And it's unlikely that the crack of doom would make Bernard Weguelin break out of his quiet, one-mile-an-hour gait.

A Voter
Drawn from life

BROKERS who usually work in their offices come down into the arena to join battle with their friends the jobbers, and the House seems twice as full as it did last spring. Mr. Malcolm Scott, a member since 1874, and for many years on the Committee, and Mr. James Skinner, whose membership actually dates back to 1872, don't come in often, but have both been seen lately. No one stands about gossiping; any expert can tell when a group of members are discussing stocks and shares and when they are reminiscing over golf or their gardens. The seats are empty most of the time; Ronnie Ferguson isn't sitting on the back of one of them, with his feet on the seat; cross-word puzzles are neglected, and no one is dozing off after lunch, not even in the reading-room, where the regular sleepers like to settle down. Tossing for half-crowns has been less the fashionable kill-time, except with Percy Weil, the arch-tosser of the House. He's always ready to spin a coin when doing a deal, but though he must win sometimes, he never seems to have change.

TELEPHONE-rooms are full, with queues outside all the boxes, lights go up every second, urgently demanding brokers at their stands, and waiters' voices grow husky with calling people out. And when big news is expected, crowds gather round the notice-boards at the Broad Street end of the House. A week or two ago, when news was coming over of the situation in Ireland, "Jonk" had a look at the groups round the board, to see if they'd make a picture. The "Iron Duke" was there; in private life he is Hugh Duke, and got his nickname because of his love of the sea. Mr. W. J. Bayliss, reading his paper, was an excuse for a drawing of a very charming old gentleman. "Jimmy" Johns is in the same market as Basil Horley, who used to be a schoolmaster, is good at cross-words, and lives at Hove. George Nicholas, an old Brighton walker who is very fond of squash and the Troc., Sid Pollard, always bearish, and St. Barbe Laurie were not far off. The latter is a leader of the market, and a good judge of horses, although he has never made a name for himself as a rider.



W. J. Bayliss *Hugh Duke* *"Jimmy" Johns*

All interested in the news at the Broad Street end of the House

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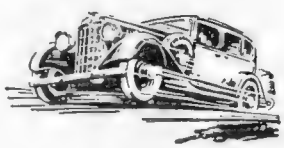

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New 'Planes for Old

By Charles Ward

Talk from the Tarmac

N.B.—The Tarmac is the hard part outside the hangar. P.S.—Gossip is not allowed on the aerodrome proper, except when picking flowers with a permit. Captain T. Neville Stack and Mr. F. E. Clifford are engaged on a long-distance flight of a somewhat unusual nature. No attempt will be made to break records, as the expedition is accompanied by a Dictaphone, the great idea being to keep the records as a permanent memento of what Stack said to Clifford, and vice-versa. The aeroplane is a Leopard Moth, supplied by Brian Lewis and equipped with Airwork spats, to impress the natives. A curious error has occurred in the preliminary propaganda. Every Press report to date states that the party is returning to England in the same machine! Is there some risk that the Leopard will change its spots, or spats, and refuse to come home? I forgot to mention that the objective is Nigeria, but I cannot believe that so experienced a pilot as Neville Stack, with or without banjolele, could not coax a Leopard home from Nigeria or anywhere else. The association of Banco with Le Touquet seems to be peculiarly appropriate, so we hope that Easter week-enders from Heston have made the price of their air fare. Banco will be flying regularly to Le Touquet during the spring and summer, so why not a Hillman service from Romford to Ostend?

Ants in the Tropics

MOTHS are like ants in the Tropics; once they are on the premises and well established, it 's very difficult to get rid of them. There is a story going round that a certain Club in the Midlands, at Castle Bromwich, I believe, has been using the same Moths (aeroplanes) for five years and more. Being in need of new aeroplanes (Moths) for instruction, the said Club applied to all the agents and found that the only deal possible was an exchange of old Moths for new Moths. The new Moths have larger engines (Gipsy Majors), but otherwise are of the same breed as the old ones, which only goes to show you, as the charwoman says . . . Moths are like ants in the Tropics. . . . Talking of the Tropics, the Spaniards are buying Moths. Their Ministry of Education has voted a sum of £500,000 sterling to explore the Upper Amazon, and the pilots, Inglesias and Jimenez, have chosen Fox Moths for the job. The object of the expedition is to investigate the flora and fauna of the Upper Amazon, coupled with a special study of the customs of the head-hunters. The Fox Moths are to be fitted with holes in the under-sides of their fuselages, so that vertical photographs may be taken of the river, mangrove-swamp and savannah

A Ring Round London

PEOPLE who don't fly cannot realise that there is a ring round London. Starting from Hatfield, roughly north, and proceeding west or thereabouts, we have aerodromes at Radlett, Northolt, Heston, Harmondsworth, Croydon, Gatwick, West Malling, Gravesend, Rochford and Romford. At three "H's," Hatfield, Heston and Hanworth, at Croydon and Gravesend, there are restaurants, telephone booths, terraces, balconies, petrol pumps—in fact, everything you could wish. Radlett and Harmondsworth are hush-hush, meaning Air Ministry orders is orders, and no cameras allowed in the Works. Northolt is R.A.F., only to be used in case of emergency. Gatwick and West Malling have a fine surface. The latter is under new management, and is as pleasant a spot for flying as any near London. Romford is the airport for Paris by Hillman Airways, and Rochford is the aerodrome for people living near Southend.

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Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 29)*

champion in him, if he can overcome his temperament, though I do not pretend that Borrington was any sort of test. There 's no doubt, though, that Doyle adds to the gaiety of nations, and he is still worth watching.

I WENT the other evening to see London Highfield play the French Rugby League team at the White City, and an interesting game it was. Our old friend Galia, that stalwart warrior, played better than he ever did for France against England at Rugby Union football. And it was strange to see Samatan on the wing again, and Welsh, of Scotland, playing so excellently in the London Highfield pack. A great forward, Welsh—I saw him at Twickenham watching the Calcutta Cup match, and very disappointed he was at the result.

THERE 's one thing about the Rugby League game which worries me a little, and that is the system of paying a bonus to the player for winning matches. Sound enough in principle, I dare say, but I 've heard some players complain that it disturbs them, and may even lead to bad feeling. If, for example, a wing three-quarter knocks-on when he is about to score the winning try he is hardly likely to be popular with the rest of the team, who see their bonus disappearing down the drain. This means a considerable nervous strain, quite apart from the bad blood it might cause, and I hope the Rugby League authorities won't take it amiss if I suggest that the bonus should be abolished, and the regular rates of pay increased. After all, a man has his reputation to consider, and he will not play badly simply because there is no bonus. Anyway, it 's a fine, fast game, this Rugby League football, and I imagine it will now go ahead in France, for the French team will have returned home full of missionary zeal.

TALKING of France, I have been sent a copy of *François Descamps*, by W. H. Millier, a sixpenny handbook, the first of a series dealing with personalities of the ring. Mr. Millier knows more about boxing than most people, and writes entertainingly of that astonishing partnership between Descamps and Carpentier. I had forgotten the earlier stages of Carpentier's career, and it is news to me that, as a lad of twelve, he acted as medium to Descamps in a fake hypnotic act, which doubtless gave rise to the absurd theory that Descamps used to hypnotise Carpentier's opponents in later years.

When Carpentier was thirteen he and Descamps used to walk all the way from Lens to Paris for their fights, and we have forgotten, I think, the beatings Carpentier took before he became famous. "Young Snowball" — now better known as Ted Broadribb, and always on view at the Albert Hall—stopped him in four rounds; the Dixie Kid, that negro genius, hammered him mercilessly; he was beaten by Frank Klaus and the murderous Billy Papke. He came up smiling, though: Jimmy White brought him to England, and he forged ahead until that heart-breaking fight with Dempsey, and that sad error of judgment against Battling Siki, who begged him to let the fight go three rounds for the sake of the cinema rights, and then battered the untrained Carpentier to defeat.

A Correction

IN the issue of "The Bystander" of March 20th there was a mistake in the caption beneath the photograph showing Mrs. Beaumont and the winners of the Beaumont Cup at Monte Carlo. This should have read the wife of the donor, and our apologies are due both to Commendatore and Mrs. Beaumont for the error into which we were led.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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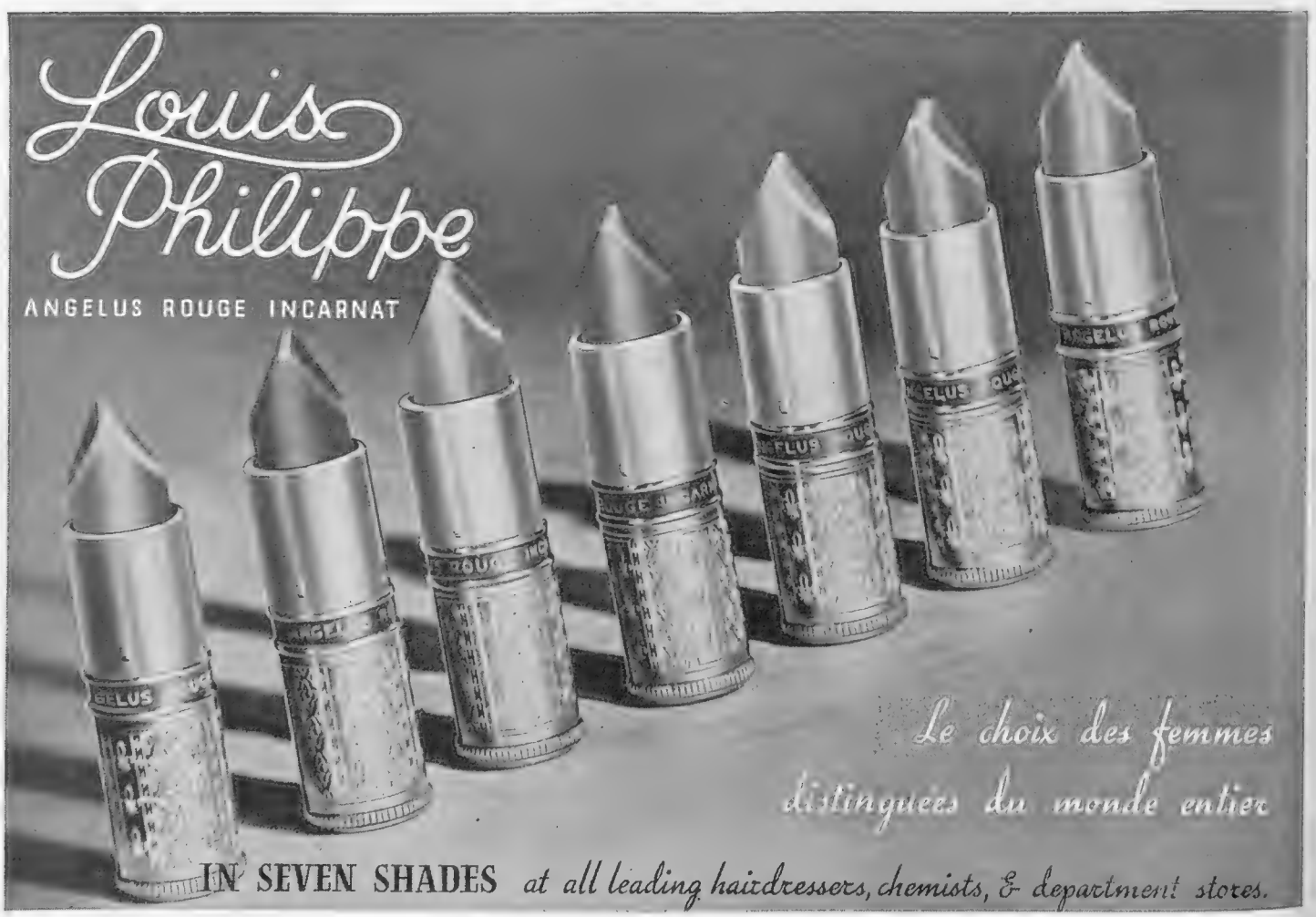

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E. E. Helme

Miss Mary Beard (sitting) who has just announced her engagement to Mr. Golden, and they are to be married in the early summer. He is a Norfolk man, but as they will live in Southampton, Hampshire are wondering if she will desert Dorset and play for them. With Miss Beard is Miss Marjorie Livingstone, the Surrey II. player, who is going out to India to be married to Captain J. Gordon Black during September

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Casualties and Counties

DEAR BYSTANDER,

REALLY, if the golfers go on like this we shall have to start a Condition of Invalids column, like our daily contemporaries. Essex may think themselves lucky that Miss Plumpton is all right again, but not only are Middlesex lamenting because their champion, Miss Barbara Daniell, is under doctor's orders to keep off serious golf for six months, having indulged in both pneumonia and measles, and because Miss Betty Roberts-Harris has had the first without the second, but now Kent are in sad trouble. Miss Doxford has had a dangerously poisoned arm and an operation, and just when the county were feeling thankful she was off the danger list, even if unlikely to play golf for some months, what does their Captain, Mrs. Marsham Townshend, do but meet with a terrible accident to her right hand, which somehow got mixed up in an electric circular saw. Mrs. Townshend is a very expert and practical carpenter and joiner, and has lately become most enthusiastic over the applying of electricity to these jobs. This is a tragic result. Happily, she is getting along well.

So poor Kent had to take the field without their Captain and their ex-champion, as well as without their top player, Miss Dorothy Pearson, who went off to Biarritz with Lord and Lady Headfort as soon as she and Miss Enid Wilson had won the London Foursomes.

THERE seems to be a pretty general opinion abroad in the South-Eastern Division that 1934 will be Hampshire's year. Not even their getting beaten by the odd match by Surrey at Queen's Park has shaken that belief. There was a big crowd out to watch, and they had their fill of thrills and some very fine golf before Miss Gourlay beat Mrs. Clarke on the last green. There was never more than a hole between them. Then there was the twenty-first-hole win for Miss Pam Barton—or, to be more accurate, perhaps, it should be called loss for Mrs. Hill, because that player, usually so good round the hole, was actually within fifty yards of the twentieth in two shots, and yet allowed Miss Barton to halve it with her in 7! The sort of thing to make all watching Hampshire weep. It was a feather in the cap of young Miss R. Morgan to beat Miss Halsted, but then, the younger the better is all the rage this year.

The next day Hampshire beat poor captainless Kent by 5 to 2, at Brokenhurst Manor, and again there was some very excellent golf and fighting. On only two out of the nineteen greens did anything more than a putt decide who should win the hole between Mrs. Clarke and Miss Diana Fishwick, and there Mrs. Clarke won, whilst Miss Uhthoff, one up at the tenth on Miss Dodo Butler, halved every one of the remaining holes with her. Miss Morgan won again, and Mrs. Hill retrieved her fortunes by beating Mrs. Cochrane, the ex-Scottish International.

I ALWAYS enjoy going to Pulborough, where the golf is as good as the scenery, where Sussex dealt very firmly with their visitors—5 to 2—but Middlesex had two things to be pleased about, all the same. One was that the margins were all extremely small, so that the return match may very likely reverse matters. The other was that both their new young players, given their places definitely for the first time, proved themselves worthy of the honour up to the very hilt. They were Miss Ramsden, who beat Mrs. Gellatly 4 and 3, and Miss Funnell, who, after being three down to Miss Black, came away with a rush of most impressive fours to win by 5 and 4.

Mrs. Davies has a way of playing extraordinarily well at Pulborough; I have seen her do it before now, and I feel I shall see her do it again. She started indifferently against Mrs. Guedalla, and was quickly three down. Almost as quickly she was two up, and the putts she rolled into the hole were such that you had hardly got your breath back after a gasp of surprise at the length of the back swing with the putter, before you were gasping again at seeing the ball in the hole. Mrs. Guedalla did not putt like her usual self, and that was the deciding factor. Miss Lake and Mrs. Stobart both had leads, only to lose them, Miss Pim and Mrs. Fleming reeling off four wins in a row all of a sudden; but both the Sussex players came back to the attack to win on the last green, and when Miss Horrell won her match on the seventeenth, all was safe for the home team, and nobody minded dreadfully what was happening to Miss Pockett, who was adding a fifth point for them on the last green from Mrs. Gilligan—Miss Margery White that was.

All great fun.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Glamorgan Ladies' Team

Left to right: Miss Gear Evans, Miss H. Richards, who is partnering Miss Pyman (Captain) in "The Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes to be played on April 10th at Wentworth; Miss S. Gibbs, Mrs. Ricardo, Miss J. Jeffreys, Miss Gibbs's partner in "The Bystander" Foursomes; and Mrs. John Duncan. Glamorgan beat Monmouth by 5 to 2

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes

N.P.F.A. Competition (3rd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MRS. PLATT.

In conjunction with THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, will be held by the courtesy of the Club at Hesketh G. C. for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A., 10% to the Lancashire Branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes Medal Play under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, *or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting list.* A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 17th, to Friday, April 20th, inclusive. Cards to be returned by 6 o'clock on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and by 1 p.m. on the Friday. Competitors to book starting-times for themselves at Hesketh

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds.

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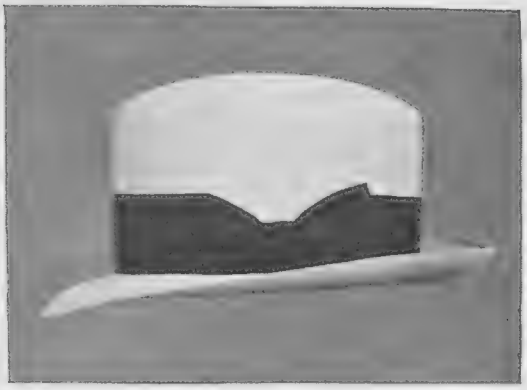
Easter Hats!



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THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BRIDE.—Gyles Isham as William Hurlbut's wandering evangelist, Kyrle Bellew as the woman he converts, Reginald Bach as her husband: Strand, 8.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.15, including Easter Monday.

DOUBLE DOOR.—Sybil Thorndike superbly Grand Guignol, and especially when she goes mad; Owen Nares as her brother, and Carol Goodner as her sister-in-law whom she claps into a vault, in a Victorian melodrama that's full of excitement and horror: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of University life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play, with Frances Doble, Malcolm Keen, Nigel Playfair, Leon M. Lion, Aubrey Mather: Playhouse, 8.30.

MACBETH.—Charles Laughton and Flora Robson as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth: Old Vic, 8. (except Monday). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MAGNOLIA STREET.—Louis Golding's novel provides a kaleidoscopic evening, full of vivid and moving snatches; Phyllis Konstam as Rose, Colin Keith-Johnston, and a great many more: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The third Stoll Shakespearean production, with Marie Ney as Portia, Franklin Dyall as Shylock, Basil Gill as Antonio, and Jack Livesey as Bassanio: Alhambra, 2.30 and 8.30 (except Mon.).

NURSE CAVELL.—Nancy Price as the heroine in Bechoffer Roberts' and C. S. Forester's play: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIVATE ROOM.—Alan Napier as the peer who wants a divorce, and Thea Holme as the girl who acts as paid and innocent co-respondent, in N. Royde-Smith's comedy: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband. Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Nell Gwynne, Ivan Sampson as Charles II.: Prince's, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play, which is set in a perfect frame of décor and dresses; the author, studied and grave, plays an elderly Duke: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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GAY DIVORCE.—Last chances to see Fred Astaire's inimitable dancing, with Claire Luce as his partner, before he returns to America: Palace, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

HERE'S HOW!—George Robey his own eyebrow-raising self as Lord Ullage, the beer-baron, in his new revue, with June, light and graceful, as his opposite number: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical-comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A musical-comedy, with Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff as the two young men who want to win the Derby as well as the favours of their girl friends, Vera Bryer and Marjorie Brown: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD MORNING, BILL.—Peter Haddon, Winifred Shotter, Phyllis Monkman and Laurence Grossmith in P. G. Wodehouse's light-hearted comedy, which is as funny as ever it was: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Reginald Gardiner, Denys Blakelock, in Arthur Macrae's comedy: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed.; Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Nicholas Hannen, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's murder thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

SIXTEEN.—Aimee and Philip Smart's Embassy success, with Helen Haye, Antoinette Cellier, Muriel Aked, Godfrey Tearle: Criterion, April 4th.

THE LAUGHING WOMAN.—Veronica Turleigh as an authoress and Stephen Haggart as an artist in Gordon Daviot's new play about London and Paris in 1912: New, April 5th.

THREE SISTERS.—An Oscar Hammerstein-Jerome Kern collaboration, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adele Dixon, Victoria Hopper, Stanley Holloway and Albert Burdon: Drury Lane, April 6th.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at the Old Vic.

CINEMAS

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE.—Jeanette Macdonald and Ramon Novarro look attractive and sing Jerome Kern's songs well in this gaily sentimental piece: Empire.

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner's first English film is now showing at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDAL.—American music-hall life, with Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee as the stars: Capitol.

LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS.—Anna Sten, the new star, as the cocotte in the film of Emile Zola's *Nana*: Tivoli.

THE MATTERHORN.—The story of Edward Whymper's great feat, with its tragic ending. Also JACK AHOY: Polytechnic.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Margaret Sullavan, one of Hollywood's new discoveries, plays opposite John Boles: New Gallery.

LA ROBE ROUGE.—Suzanne Rissler and Daniel Mandaille in the film of Brieux's famous novel on the injustice of a prisoner being examined without his counsel. Also 90 DEG. SOUTH. The Scott exploration film of the conquest of the South Pole: Academy.

SORRELL AND SON.—H. B. Warner, Hugh Williams and Winifred Shotter in the English film of Warwick Deeping's novel: Leicester Square.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.—Marthe Eggerth in the record-breaking Austrian film, with Schubert's music, opens the new Mayfair cinema, the Curzon.

WONDER BAR.—A New York night club setting, with girls and music; Al Jolson at his best, with songs, dances, and humour; Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez are in it, too: Carlton.

THE WORLD CHANGES.—Paul Muni as a successful meat-packer whose home life goes wrong, with Aline MacMahon and Mary Astor: Regal.

MUSIC

Orchestral

BEECHAM SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.—Hubermann plays the Brahms Violin Concerto in D; the programme, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, includes Smetana, Dvorak, and Borodin: Queen's Hall, April 8th, 3.15.

L.S.O.—Last concert of the season, with Sir Hamilton Harty conducting, includes Verdi's Requiem: Queen's Hall, April 9, 8.15.

BUDAPEST QUARTET.—Their only appearance: Wigmore Hall, April 9, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carolin Buchman and her seven American girls do some good dancing stuff; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Ben Blue, "the all-American Half-wit," and his Nit-wits on Parade; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Eating here is more important than dancing, but the Tzigane orchestra are good to dance to.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Walsh and Arnold, American entertainers, provide the cabaret; Van Straten and his band the dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moschetto's and Syd Lipton's bands play for dancing.

MARGUERITE.—A good place to eat—and eat—in Soho. No music.

MONSEIGNEUR.—The Four Yacht Club Boys, from New York, are singing the snappiest songs; Jack Harris makes dance music; extension night, Thursday.

ODONE'S.—A new cabaret every week is good, but secondary to the question of food.

PICCADILLY.—Otto and Hugo do funny stuff and the Andree Trio dance: extension night, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian: the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Royal Institute Galleries.

IDEAL HOMES: Olympia, from to-day.

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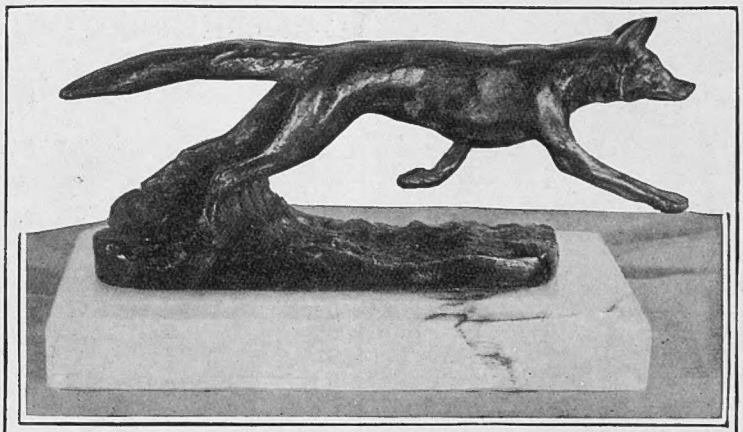

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Canute: "I think I shall have a bit of a plunge on Saturday, Stuart. OCEAN WAVE is running against ROYAL COMMAND. I am wondering what to put on."

Duggie: "I suggest a bathing suit."

Canute: "What do you mean?"

Duggie: "I beg your pardon. My thoughts were wandering."

Canute: "I have already taken some substantial wagers with my courtiers, and although there can only be one result, I am so excited. I can hardly wait."

Duggie: "It is really a case of wait and sea . . . ahem! I hope you won't get cold feet, your Majesty."

Canute: "No, I am confident of my own judgment."

Duggie: "Well, if you are quite confident there is no need to wait. What have you decided to put on?"

Canute: "I think a cool thousand. Of course, the odds are a hundred to one."

Duggie: "That makes you win £100,000. Well, it's a large sum, but I will let you have my cheque for that amount."

Canute: "Heavens! I am swamped by your generosity. I don't know how you do it, Duggie."

Duggie: "Neither do I!"

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